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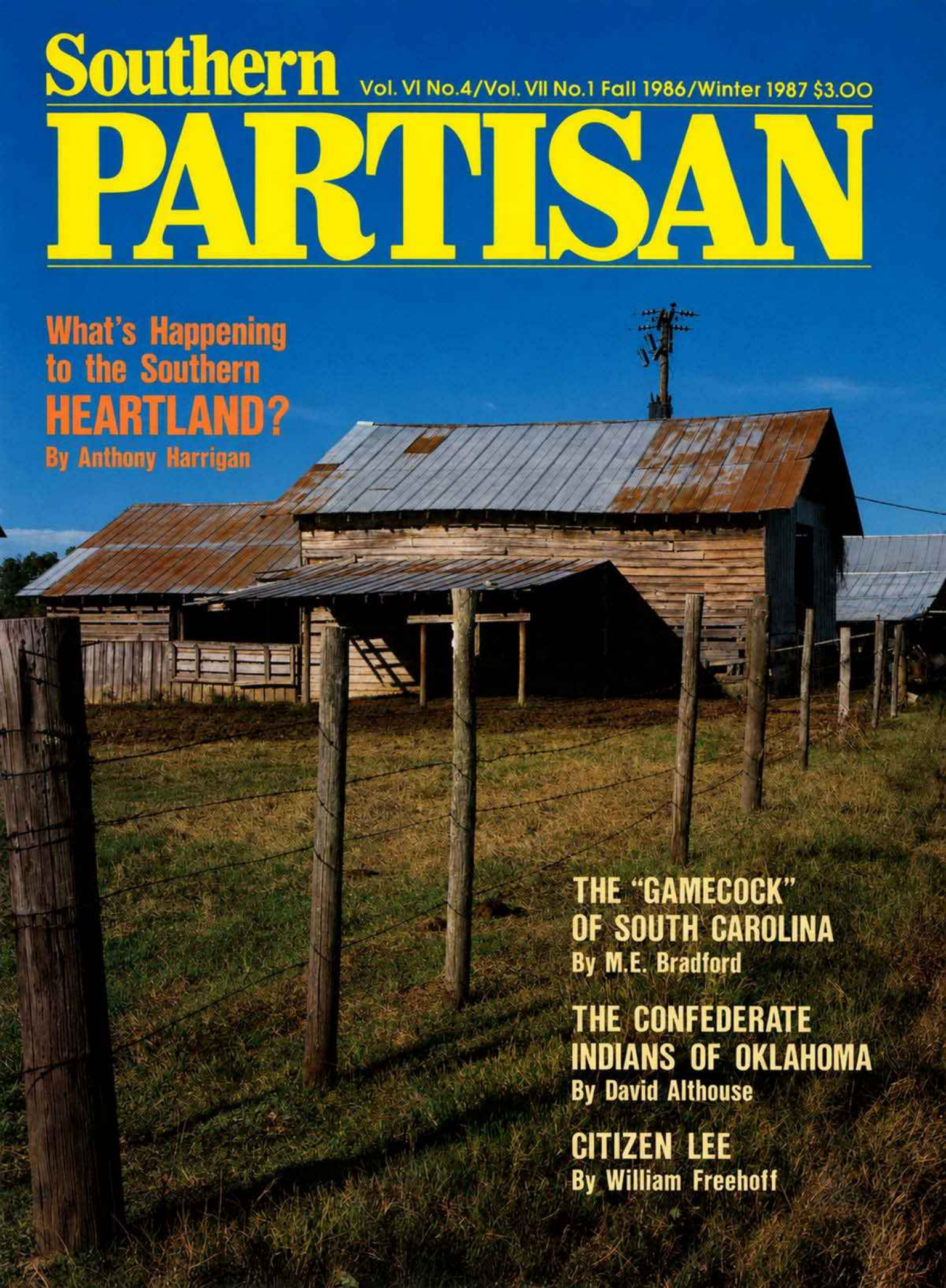
PARTISAN



What's Happening to the Southern HEARTLAND?
By Anthony Harrigan

THE "GAMECOCK" OF SOUTH CAROLINA
By M.E. Bradford

THE CONFEDERATE INDIANS OF OKLAHOMA
By David Althouse

CITIZEN LEE
By William Freehoff

Hoskin's House *D. Gallon*

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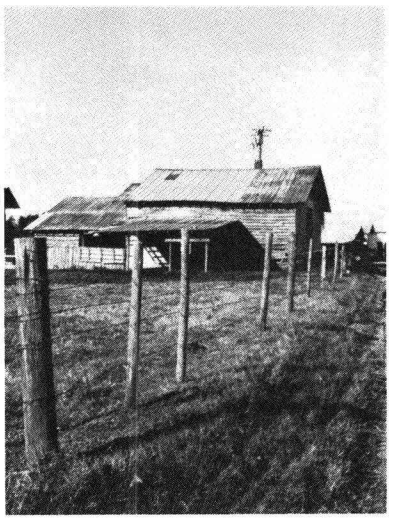

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Southern
PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Creating Evolution

Gentlemen:

We are all familiar with the debate between the Evolutionists and the Creationists that Dr. Boyd Cathey ably discussed in his review of *The Bone Peddlers* in the last *Partisan*. The debate is often considered, not without a measure of truth, as being between atheistic and arrogant scientists and faithful but ignorant Christians. There are genuine weaknesses in both arguments, and each side has perhaps not only too narrow a view of the other but too narrow a view of itself. The Creationists by their very name suggest (regrettably) that there is no way but theirs to believe in divine creation, and the Evolutionists believe that their faith in "chance mutations through a mechanistic material selection" destroys all possibility of God's action.

It will, therefore, probably come as a shock to both sides to learn that long centuries before modern science was so much as a gleam in Copernicus' eye—in the early Church of the Fathers—there were significant views of the Genesis account of Creation that hundreds of years later science was to support in perfect harmony. But—I emphasize—that Christian interpretation came *first*, not that of science.

The following quotation is from *The Marriage of East and West* (Templegate, 1982) by Dom Bede Griffiths OSB. Speaking of the early church, he describes the literal interpretation of Genesis by the school of Antioch and the symbolic interpretation of the school of Alexandria. He continues:

> *But there was another school, represented by St. Gregory of Nyssa in the East and St. Augustine in the West, which held with the school of Alexandria that the world was created at a moment of time by a single act of the divine power, but that it was produced not in the form in which we know it but in its "potentiality." According to St. Gregory of Nyssa, God created not the forms of things as they now exist but certain "powers" or "energies" which were destined to develop in the course of time into the present forms of nature. The seven days of creation were interpreted simply as the stages in the evolution of these primordial energies according to what he called "a necessary order." In the same way St. Augustine spoke of the world being created in its "causes" or "seminal principles" (**rationes seminales**), that is to say that certain principles were implanted in nature from the beginning like seeds, which were destined to develop their specific forms according to the laws or tendencies inherent in them.*

This, then, is what might be called divine evolution. It does not deny the "100 million fossils in world museums," but it replaces the quite unprovable theory of chance mutations with an evolution guided by principles or "seeds" implanted by God—which would explain the extreme mathematical improbability of its happening at all. Acceptance of a God-directed evolution of nature leaves open the possibility of a separate creation of man or, if he evolved, of a particular moment when a particular man-like creature had a soul infused and became Man (or Adam). All the fossils in the world—the Evolutionists' only evidence—cannot argue against this position.

These very great Christian

thinkers, St. Gregory and St. Augustine, lived in the late 300s A.D. when the legions of Rome still upheld the ancient civilization, more than a thousand years before Darwin and his followers. It is evident that enlightened thinking is not the exclusive province of the Enlightenment or of modern science. Not only should Christians be aware of these Christian thinkers but they should make the scientists aware, too. There is here a reasonable and Christian position that is free of the excesses and weaknesses of both Creationists and Evolutionists.

Sheldon Vanauken
Lynchburg, Virginia

Gentlemen:

Recently I went to my local bookstore to get a copy of ***The Bone Peddlers: Selling Evolution*** by William Fix, reviewed in your Summer 1986 Issue. I was unable to find a listing for it. Could you send me information on where to obtain it?

W. R. Hewell, M.D.
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Editor's Note:

William R. Fix,* The Bone Peddlers: The Selling of Evolution. *New York: MacMillan, 1984. $18.95. We understand that it is still available.

A Robertson Reaction

Gentlemen:

Your excellent interview of Pat Robertson reveals items of interest that need further development. As a spokesman for God, he should stop using the word "righteous" (he speaks of the "righteous natures" of Jews who are his close friends) in a manner which is at variance with the biblical view that none are righteous and only those who are in Christ can claim His righteousness.

Mr. Robertson should consider his views on equality, the keystone of all socialism. From several of his answers, it is apparent that he, along with most Americans (including, sad to say, many Southerners), is suffering from a guilt complex caused by a falsification of the history of slavery in the South. He can correct this by rereading the Bible which approves of slavery in many places in the Old Testament and also in the New Testament (see I Cor. 7:20,21; Eph. 6:5 et seq.; Philemon; I. Tim. 6:1-4; and John 8:35-36). Remarkably, even a Marxist (Prof. Genovese in Fall 1985 *Southern Partisan*) can understand that the South won the scriptural argument on this issue.

Mr. Robertson should stop using the contradictory term Judeo-Christian which has caused much confusion in our country. Rabbi Louis Finklestein and other Jewish theologians have declared that the origins of Judaism are found in ancient Phariseeism, a fact that makes it antithetical to Christianity because Phariseeism is based on the Talmud and not the Bible. There never was, nor is there now, any excusable reason to qualify the word Christian when describing the foundation of western civilization.

It is not surprising that Mr. Robertson seems perfectly comfortable holding these inconsistent views; most of us have known for some time that an aspiring politician is all things to all men depending on the tenor of the times, and with this knowledge we understand that the interview is consistent with these inconsistent times.

Paul J. Zenas
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The Textile Debate

Gentlemen:

William Hawkins' article "The Southern Textile Industry is Dying" (*Southern Partisan*, Summer 1986) demonstrates a perceptive feel for the problems of the textile industry, but also indicates a poor understanding of economics and of the legitimate functions of government.

It is proper for Southerners to be concerned over the pain of displacement suffered by textile towns and families. Additionally, it is good to appreciate the role of textiles in the preservation of small farms and their associated way of life. Hawkins misses the mark, however, when he argues that government is properly empowered to use force, through trade restrictions, to perpetuate the Southern agrarian lifestyle.

Protectionism appears as an appealing solution only to the extent that the facts are ignored. Even a cursory examination of the relevant economic literature shows that trade restrictions are a drain on our economy, not a benefit to it. The wealth that may seem to be created by protectionism is an illusion caused by ignoring one half of the equation. Every job saved by trade restrictions extracts a heavy price in opportunities and alternatives lost by consumers. Specifically, a 1980 study reported that the cost of textile tariffs in place at that time amounted to twice the annual wage of an apparel worker per job saved. This means that consumers were losing twice as much as textile workers gained from the tariffs, not exactly a strong argument for more of the same.

Protectionism is simply a means of redistributing wealth in a very inefficient way. In addition, this transfer of wealth is akin to a perverse form of welfare, where low income groups bear a disproportionate share of the burden (inexpensive clothing, for example, is more important to the poor than to the rich). Protectionism does not protect our producers from foreign competition. It protects inefficient producers from the choices of consumers.

Also note that the act of "saving" textiles fuels protectionist demands from other industries facing foreign competitors. While we could all make sacrifices in order to preserve inefficient textile jobs, it is clearly impossible for us to "save" jobs in all of the industries facing foreign competition. A look at the hundreds of industries for which trade barriers already exist (including textiles, automobiles, steel, lumber, honey, sugar, motorcycles, and mushrooms) would make anyone wonder who is left to finance the protecting?

However, the most important argument against protectionism is moral rather than pragmatic. Proponents of trade restrictions assert that they have the right to interfere with voluntary transactions. That is, they feel that they have the right to control your pocketbook and your life in order to achieve their altruistic purpose. Such social engineering, while well intended, is simply wrong.

It is immoral to threaten the use of force to prevent consumers from purchasing the products they most desire. Free people, by definition, can spend their money as they please. Southerners who appreciate the contribution textiles have made to the South should put their considerable talents to work in trying to find a non-coercive way of preserving or replacing the industry's positive effects. Because while we should well be concerned about the trauma associated with changing world markets, economic discomfort does not create a claim on the wealth of others.

William B. Zieburtz, Jr.
Montgomery, Alabama

Leamon's Trip

Gentlemen:

Perhaps Warren Leamon's personal guilt trip necessitates him to distance himself from Southern White racial integrity ("The Long Guilt Trip," Summer 1986 Issue). But as a proud White Southern racialist (who is descended from a Confederate and slave-holding family), I assure you I feel no such emotion.

I respect the White Southerner who is proud of his culture, traditions, and race, and works hard to preserve them. This is the highest caliber Southerner, and of such is the Southern National Party. The SNP seeks to preserve the glorious legacy of our illustrious Southern forefathers, and to promote an even more glorious future of Southern White Independence.

Hurrah for the SNP and all other pro-White Southern groups and individuals who do not suffer from the same miserable identity crisis as Mr. Leamon. After reading Mr. Leamon's article, I get the distinct impression that he would like to do to Southern White racial instincts exactly what he tried and failed to do to those Southern girls in the back seat of his car! In spite of his efforts, I hope Dixie's virtue will be spared as well!

Dianna L. Smith
Garland, Texas

Gentlemen:

I would like to congratulate Mr. Warren Leamon for his fine article, "The Long Guilt Trip," in the Summer 1986 issue of your equally fine magazine. I find myself in complete agreement with Mr. Leamon. If it is indeed the ideal concept of our Nation that every individual person should be judged on his or her merit, then, why should that not apply to each State? And, too often the sins practiced in the rest of the country are visited upon the South when it comes to finger pointing.

A case in point, in recent months, the television news program "60 Minutes," which is carried by CBS as you probably know, had a segment entitled "Apartheid in America; Tunica, Mississippi." In this piece, "60 Minutes" went to great lengths to point out the separatism of the races by neighborhood, in churches and in school. Much was made of the squalor and the substandard housing provided the "disadvantaged minority" people—in this case, Blacks. In response to this program, I wrote "60 Minutes" a letter. In it I suggested that the program could have saved a long trip, which entailed a good deal of time and money I am certain, and just simply have traveled a few blocks from their New York City studios to find ghettos complete with substandard housing, landlord abuses, squalor together with churches and schools attended by people of the "disadvantaged minorities." I further suggested that these same conditions prevailed throughout the United States particularly in the larger cities. I also questioned whether any of the "60 Minutes" people lived with "disadvantaged minorities" or if any of their children or grandchildren went to school with any of them. I closed by advising them to follow the Saviour's advice, "Let him among you without sin cast the first stone," and let poor little Tunica alone.

The following week, my letter was not among those that were read. In fact, most that were read—I think all—applauded the "60 Minutes" position in presenting the program. Included among the letters was a rather apologetic one from the Mississippi Governor, which disappointed me. Some weeks later, I received a letter from "60 Minutes." In it, the writer stated that she was sorry that I did not agree with the presentation; however, the overwhelming majority of the mail received by the program wholeheartedly agreed with the program's handling of the subject. That's hard to believe. Oh, well, at least I know how a "disadvantaged minority" person must feel now....

Harold G. Turner
Bedford, Indiana

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

THE UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE

I'm pretty cynical. But when I first heard this story, even I found it hard to believe that politicians could behave so poorly. It all started in August of 1986. Here are the facts in chronological order:

(1) A group of developers in Virginia decided to build a series of shiny new condominiums right on top of the only battlefied in Chantilly, Virginia. Of course, the developers probably didn't know that the chosen site was the scene of the Battle of Ox Hill, where 1,500 brave men died 125 years ago (and if they had known, chances are it wouldn't have mattered to them). Anyway, when the bulldozer started ripping up the countryside, a human skeleton was unearthed. Subsequent investigators discovered a belt buckle, brass buttons and a musket pouch alongside the remains of a soldier who was clearly from South Carolina (the two buttons were emblazoned with the letters "S.C." and a palmetto tree). The soldier had died from a shot in the face, apparently at point blank range.

(2) All of this generated a small newspaper article which was noticed by Jack Marlar, the head of the South Carolina chapter of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) who arranged to pick up the remains of this Confederate soldier for burial in his native soil.

(3) In planning for the ceremony, Bruce Elrod (who served as press secretary for the occasion) contacted a friend in Oklahoma, a lady named Roz Bowie who Bruce knew to be an excellent singer. Mrs. Bowie agreed to come from Oklahoma at her own expense to sing at the burial service. And she said she wanted to sing *Dixie*.

To welcome Mrs. Bowie to Columbia, Mayor Patton Adams announced that she would be given a key to the city. And the Governor agreed to present to the soldier posthumously "The Order of the Palmetto," a certificate routinely given by the Governor on such occasions.

(4) When several elected officials in South Carolina (who call themselves the "Black Caucus") learned that *Dixie* would be performed and that the Confederate battleflag would be displayed at the forthcoming service, they complained loudly and suddenly all that friendly cooperation previously offered by white officialdom was withdrawn.

(5) A few days before the ceremony, the SCV was notified that, well, the rotunda wouldn't be available after all. Repairs were being made. Sorry. So the service was moved around the corner to the Confederate Relic Room. And another thing: No, they wouldn't be able to display the battle flag.

Taking all this in stride, the SCV proceeded with good heart, determined to make the best of it. And finally, on the day of the service, officers and guests of the SCV and UDC (United Daughters of the Confederacy) gathered outside the Mayor's office to witness the presentation of a key to the city to Mrs. Bowie, who stood there pregnant in a cold November drizzle only to be snubbed by the Mayor. After a long wait, His Honor's embarrassed assistant, Brad Jergenson, came out and said the Mayor was not in and, therefore, the key could not be presented.

Well, they asked, couldn't someone else make the presentation? No, we're very sorry, but only an official could make that presentation, and they were just fresh out of officials at City Hall.

Mrs. Bowie graciously accepted the young bureaucrat's lame excuses and, being a lady, made no fuss. Then the group trekked to the Governor's Office to receive the "Order of the Palmetto." The Governor's memory proved superior to the Mayor's. Yes, he remembered and he was there. But the presentation would be made in "closed chambers." No press, please.

I have checked the testimony of several people involved, and I swear to you that it all happened exactly as described above. The fine folks at the SCV and the UDC went on with the service. South Carolina's Unknown Soldier was buried in a casket draped by the Confederate battle flag. And Roz Bowe, who by the way is black, sang *Dixie*. She sang it sweetly. God bless her—and all those who worked so hard to honor a soldier who now represents for all time those heroes whose names we have forgotten.

For those interested (and I expect many will be) the service was recorded on videotape, along with Mrs. Bowie's memorable rendering of *Dixie*. The videotape and record album are available for $34.95 plus $3.00 shipping and handling; the record album alone is available for $4.99 plus $2.00 shipping and handling (South Carolina residents add 5% sales tax). Please mail all orders to P.O. Box 363, White Rock, South Carolina 29177.

OBITER DICTA

A CHANGE OF SEASONS

Careful readers will note that we have designated this issue of the *Southern Partisan* as Fall 1986/Winter 1987. This one-time designation has a purpose which requires an explanation.

For years, the *Partisan* has published late in the season (indeed, on two occasions we went to press so late that readers received their magazine well into the beginning of a new season, requiring them, for example, to crack a layer of ice from the Summer Issue). What we need to do, of course (to be consistent with all other quarterly periodicals) is to come out early in the season, giving the magazine a sense of currency for two to three months at a time.

Therefore, we have dreamed up an eccentric idea to solve this problem of seeming to be out-of-date the day we arrive. For cataloging purposes (librarians, take note!) this issue of the *Southern Partisan* will be treated as a double issue, covering both Fall 1986 and Winter 1987. Consequently, our very next issue, which will be out in April will be Spring 1987, just in time to welcome the birds and all the little flowers.

Be assured, however, that our readers will *not*—repeat will *not*—be shortchanged an issue. All current subscribers will be extended by one season so that you will receive four full issues for your year's pay. After all, a little manipulation of time never hurt anyone. If politicans can save daylight, then surely we can save seasons. Beginning now, then, the *Southern Partisan* is officially on time—and on time we shall stay. So please, no more late jokes.

PARTY TALK

Several regional politicians, attending the Southern Republican Exchange in Raleigh recently, suggested that Vice President George Bush would have difficulty in the South next year, despite the fact that among the probable candidates for the Republican nomination, he and he alone sent an emissary to the conference.

Arthur Outlaw, mayor of Mobile, Alabama, put it this way:

"I think if George Bush has any problems it is that he, like Jerry Ford, doesn't come across. He does a good job as Vice President, but he's not strong."

Maybe it's just that, but we think it is something more. Bush clearly represents the wing of the Republican Party that has perennially deprived the South of any role in Republican administrations. At present there is no one from the Deep South in the President's cabinet, despite the fact that the region is rapidly becoming the most populous area in the country and has always supported those values on which the President based his campaigns in 1976, 1980, and 1984.

The people primarily responsible for locking the South out of the White House were the supporters of George Bush, led by James Baker III, who is surely the scalawag of the decade, and perhaps of the half-century. Not only on the cabinet level, but in lower echelon positions as well, Bush people have fought the President's supporters tooth-and-nail, using every weapon at their disposal, including slander, to discredit Southerners and other Reagan conservatives, claiming the positions for their own people while the President stared benignly in the other direction. Thus from the beginning there were Bush loyalists heading NEA, NEH, and other second-level positions, doing their best to use these posts as a means of preaching a Bush brand of Republicanism.

Then, in 1986, the word was out all over the South that Bush supporters in the National Republican Congressional Committee and in the White House were withholding support from candidates who were not handpicked "Bush Leaguers." Some campaigns got funded; others did not. Some people received letters of endorsement from the President; others did not. (The office of White House aide Haley Barbour "lost" one Mississippi candidate's letter to the President for six weeks; the man was not handpicked by the Bush-oriented state party.)

Indeed it appears as if the Bush crowd used their power both in the National Congressional Committee and in the Republican National Committee to reward friends and purge enemies—and the South was a primary battlefield. Three (3) incumbent Southern Republicans lost their Senate seats. So did several Southern Republican congressmen. And now the Bush representative comes to a strategy session in the region, hoping to make points for the Vice President.

George Bush has never done anything for the region or for Southern Republicans. One hopes he will do poorly in the region for that reason, rather than merely because he is not an exciting performer. If he wins the Presidency we will all be locked out of Washington for the next four to eight years.

SCALAWAG AWARD

William Faulkner once said: "It doesn't matter who you are or where you come from, just so long as you don't forget it and you ain't ashamed of it."

Word comes from the Cultural North that Amy Carter, now a coed at Brown University, has dyed her hair black, joined a vegetarian commune, and is madly advocating fashionable leftist causes, like disinvestment in South Africa.

It's bad enough that she chose Brown, a campus nostalgically dedicated to Revolution, a mouldering monument to Creative Anachronisms. Just when most Georgia youngsters are rediscovering the Agrarians and reading the Collected Works of Lewis Grizzard, Amy is playing in the Sandpile of the Sixties.

As for that black dye job, perhaps it's the easiest way to transform yourself into an ethnic princess, so you can forget that once, in another country, you were a strawberry blonde raised on a peanut farm and had an Uncle Billy with the same color hair (can you imagine Uncle Billy going to commencement in Providence, wearing his jeans and straw hat? Can you imagine Amy sending him an invitation?).

Of course radical politics is *de rigeur* at Brown. How many conservative professors do you suppose there are on the Brown campus (just so the students can see the world from more than one perspective)? Would you care to guess what they say about Georgia and the rest of the South in the Official Brown American History Textbook?

Come on, Amy. We know you're embarrassed about what your Daddy said that time on the TV with Ronald Reagan. But that don't mean you have to run off to New England and be a Yankee.

Meanwhile, the Democratic Party is trying to come home. Not riding a mule and carrying a Bible, as it might have fifty years ago, but in clean clothes, with short hair and a civil tongue in its head.

It hasn't renounced all its sins, as it sits, rocking on the South's front porch, but at least it doesn't brag about them any more. Instead it tries to say things that will please the old folks.

"We need to stop spending so much and try to get out of debt. Why this dad-gum deficit is going to land us in the poor house.

"And we need a strong defense, too. We can't let the communists take over the world.

"It's like I've always said, we just need to practice good old American values, the kind that made us great from the very beginning."

The old folks look at one another in bewilderment. Finally Dad clears his throat and asks this earnest-eyed returnee a question.

"Weren't you saying a few years ago that we were all a bunch of selfish capitalist bigots? How come all of a sudden we're so virtuous?"

The Democratic Party smiles (at least the mouth is smiling).

"That was a turbulent period, and maybe a lot of people overstated the case, just a little. Besides, we've mended our ways. We're a better nation than we were before the Sixties. We have some problems, but we're still the best people in the world."

"What about San Francisco?" Mom says. Her voice is soft, but there's a little more fire in her eyes than there was in Dad's. "You had a convention full of hippies and homosexuals and women who believe in free love and abortion. It was the most sickening thing I ever saw. Is that the way it's going to be in 1988?"

The Party looks worried, its brow crinkled, its eyes as serious as a turtle's.

"We have to be kind and tolerant toward all these people, but let's not think about them right now. Let's talk about the important issues that face us—the deficit, the trade imbalance, our poor farmers and what we can do to help them."

Mom and Dad listen to this familiar figure with a growing sense of recognition. Can somebody change that much in two short years? Was it all just a phase now ended, or has this last speech been delivered merely for effect? In the darkness of the front porch with the crickets droning in the privet hedge and the new moon just rising, well, it's hard to tell.

Later, when they are getting ready for bed, Dad nods his head and says, "That was pretty good talk out there tonight. I liked what I heard."

Mom, rubbing cold cream on her face, stares past her image in the mirror.

"I don't know," she says. "I'm not sure I believe a word of it."

Editor's Note: Last issue Warren Leamon responded to J.R. Vanover on the issue of racism and the South. Now, Senior Editor Bob Whitaker (mean as ever) attacks everyone in sight.

WHY I WILL NOT DENOUNCE SOUTHERN RACISM OR AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

By Robert Whitaker

There are always self-styled spokesmen for America who use Moscow's language to confess American evil. There are always self-styled Southern spokesmen who use New York language against the South. Both groups turn my stomach.

In Moscow's terms, I am a warmongering imperialist, and proud of it. If in New York terms, I am a racist provincial then I am proud of that, too.

America has a huge defense budget. The kind of American *Pravda* likes apologizes for the arms buildup without ever asking why it was necessary. The kind of Southerner loved by the *New York Times* regularly offers up ritual denunciations of Southern racism and hate-groups, again without ever asking why those groups came to be.

Two *New York Times*-style denunciations of Southern racism appeared in the last two issues of the *Southern Partisan*—one (J. R. Vanover's "Whistlin' Dixie") as a standard attack and the other (Warren Leamon's *Long Guilt Trip*) containing cutesy-poo wrappings that justify South-bashing with a club that pretends to love us. Rather than dealing straight-on with the issues, Leamon talks about how he was a political moron just trying to get girls into the back of one those good ol' cars during the Segregation Days.

When I was fifteen, I was arguing that any integration would lead to total integration, and that interracial dating and marriage would become established policy. Those who said I was crazy then now brag about how great it is that the Supreme Court forced Bob Jones University to permit interracial dating.

Back then the Enlightened Bunch argued that no such results were possible. Look around you and see how wrong they were. Now the Enlightened Bunch claim that the melting pot gives them a warm and fuzzy feeling: they worship the Statue of Liberty and gather on Ellis Island to sing hymns of glory before the fiery torch that fuses all races into one that is neither white nor black, red nor yellow.

That torch is not my god. And while it may be blasphemy in our time to say so, I am proud to be white; I like my race (thank you very much) and I pray that my children and their children will retain their whiteness.

As several national columnists have had the courage to point out, the existence of the white race is, in sober fact, threatened. Europe, North America and Australia have been opened wide to a flood of third-world immigration.

To J. R. Vanover, the white race may be just one of those little sacrifices one has to make. A Southern partisan doesn't think like that.

I am not surprised to see working people, confused by the madness of our time drawn to groups like the Klan. Such groups merely articulate a prejudice that has gone out of fashion in chic places. But make no mistake about it, those who dwell in chic places are filled with their own bigotry.

Sure, we would like for people who are drawn to the Klan to do something more constructive and to give a more persuasive shape to their arguments. But I do not blame them for feeling betrayed when the *Southern Partisan* publishes drivel about how hateful and retarded Southerners are. If we cave in, they will find other leaders.

What Vanover calls "hate" has loyalty behind it. There are lots of writers in other regions to denounce our extremists. Our job is to denounce theirs. And if our people join "hate-groups," it is because "respectable" outlets like the *Southern Partisan* offer no leadership—just the history of yesterday's bravery and cutesy wimpishness today.

In dealing with Moscow, we can prevent war by giving up our country. And we can solve the race problem by giving up our race. I reject these solutions.

My people and their prejudices are better than the Enlightened Bunch and their prejudices. I am a partisan loyal to my race, my nation (which is the South) and to the country which protects my nation's existence. I have respect for other races who feel the same way about themselves because only a clown can be loyal to a melting pot. By definition, a melting pot is nothing specific. Anyone who can be deeply loyal to nothing specific is in urgent need of psychiatric care.

Your brave leadership has granted me the traditional right of a Senior Editor to make a purely personal statement, so that my dangerous views will not taint the magazine. In summary, then, if one wants to attack the South, there are lots of fashionable hate-groups you can join (mostly in New York). In fact, they may be willing to help you run down all those hateful Southerners like Bedford Forrest and Stonewall Jackson, men who knew how to lead and how to sacrifice. Something a lot of Southern wimps have forgotten.

WE SHALL SEE...

When Calvin Coolidge made his famous repudiation of candidacy ("If nominated I shall not run; if elected I shall not serve") everybody knew he really meant it. In politics, then as now, substance usually resides between the lines. And old Cal left no space for his followers to extract hope.

Not so with former White House Communications Director Patrick J. Buchanan, who recently said he did not plan to run for the Republican Presidential nomination. Regular *Southern Partisan* readers are familiar with Buchanan, a native of the Southern side of Washington, D.C. He was interviewed in a recent issue, and on his own radio show (before he accepted the White House post) Mr. Buchanan, a very literate man, referred to this journal as his "favorite magazine." That alone surely designates him as the brightest contender for the Presidency.

But is he a contender? We can only say that in response to a recent letter from one of our editors who wrote to Buchanan urging him to seek the GOP nomination, these cryptic words were written: "we shall see...."

Let us give you the inside scoop on the possibility of a Buchanan candidacy. The first point to understand is that the frontrunner, George Bush, has faltered—far earlier in the presidential season than his metaphorical counterpart Walter Mondale faltered four years ago.

The big game now, then, is to see who will be the top notBush contender.

Surveying the field of possible candidates, conservative leaders have argued that the Republican right-wing should unite behind the man with the best chance of winning. And many have insisted that Jack Kemp fits the bill.

More recently, Senator Bob Dole, a red-leg from Kansas, has emerged as the brand new not-Bush contender. And of course, Pat Robertson (still a non-candidate) has launched what may well be an historically significant petition drive, collecting signatures from Christians all over the country urging him to seek the presidency.

In the middle of all this activity, while he was still employed at the White House, Pat Buchanan simply decided to watch from the sidelines. Therefore, Southerners interested in encouraging him to get in the race have organized a Draft Buchanan Committee. Kevin Kennelly, a Helmsman from North Carolina, has agreed to chair the committee (Kennelly, by the way, is President of the North Carolina Policy Council and Deputy Secretary of the North Carolina Department of Commerce). If you would like to support this draft effort, Kennelly and the Draft Buchanan Committee can be reached at 5305 Edgewater Drive, Raleigh, N.C. 27609.

BOOTSTRAPS

Issues and Views is a new bimonthly newsletter devoted to news of self-help projects in the black community. A recent issue, for example, reports a tenant takeover of Kenilworth-Parkside, a public housing project in Washington, D.C., which the new owners have transformed from a crime-infested run-down rat-hole into one of the best managed housing projects in the country.

It is good to see a publication of this kind coming on the scene and especially encouraging to see signs that blacks are turning away from dependency on government programs sponsored by patronizing liberals whose schemes have perpetuated poverty.

Issues and Views is available for $8.00 a year, from *Issues and Views,* Box 467, New York, New York 10025.

PARTISAN DICTIONARY

By Robert Whitaker

Imbecile (legal, not medical definition) - A person whose intelligence level is above that of an idiot. For this reason, they have extreme difficulty fitting into the mainstream of American society.

Miscegenation - The final solution to the white problem.

Uncle Tom - A black who talks about blacks the way the New South talks about the South.

Matriarchy - A place where the truth is known.

Catholics - People who say that some of their best friends are priests, but they wouldn't let their sister marry one.

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THAT...

The recent Klan activities in Forsyth County, Georgia and Summerville, South Carolina make it more and more difficult for those of us who are trying to keep the battle flag flying and *Dixie* in the repertoire of bands around the region.

You saw them on your television screen: angry little clusters of the ignorant, assembled in front of the ravenous TV cameras, making us all look bad just one more time so Yankees can feel that old sense of superiority, even though the same thing is happening in New England and the Midwest. In Georgia the Klansmen were dressed in jeans and jackets; in South Carolina they wore those absurdly lavish costumes that probably cost them three weeks' pay. But in both places they were carrying rectangular Confederate battle flags, waving them defiantly.

The Confederate Army fought no battles against blacks. Indeed, there were black Confederate soldiers. They fought mostly white Yankees, and many of us believe they did not fight to defend slavery. After all, the Union had slaveholding states too, and Lincoln said more than once that the South could keep its slaves if it would only come back and submit to Northern industrialism. When the South lost the War, blacks and whites endured the prolonged misery of defeat. White Southerners and black Southerners have a history of shared suffering. Indeed, we have more in common with one another than we do with most Yankees. The Southern gentry who survived Reconstruction opposed Jim Crow, which was a Yankee invention and a white trash political weapon. Read the lives of Wade Hampton of South Carolina, LeRoy Percy of Mississippi, and a host of others throughout the region. The Vardamans, Tillmans, Bilbos, and Talmadges were motivated by greed and envy—and it was they who set the stage for renewed Reconstruction in the second half of the twentieth century.

Now their heirs in Forsyth County are at it again: doing precisely what the demonstrators hoped they would do. Then, two weeks after the original incident, thousands came from all over the country to march. Klan leaders who at first said they would hold a counter-demonstration decided they wouldn't show up after all. A prudent decision. How wise it would have been had they not shown up the first time.

In a way you have to feel sorry for them. They are foolish people in desperate need of instruction. But at the moment I have a hard time feeling sympathetic, and for two reasons.

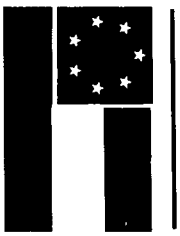
First, they are clearly malevolent. Never mind that they have been ill-used by a number of people (mostly Yankees but not exclusively) who have lied about their past, manipulated their present, and trashed their future. Never mind that the intelligent voices of the South have been silent, while liberals and peckerwoods have monopolized the stage. Never mind that on many other issues these people are True Believers. The fact remains that in a Christian society you don't cast stones at anybody, unless, of course, you are absolutely sinless. We have that on the Best Authority.

But the second reason it's so difficult to excuse these people is a pragmatic one. They are trying desperately to make certain that we lose the battle for our flag and for our song. After this Forsyth business, the last remaining banners may be furled all over the region.

In anticipation of this and in despair over what has been happening recently, I would like to propose a compromise, one that perhaps everyone can live with. Let's let the Klan and their followers take that rectangular naval flag that people mistakenly believe was the official emblem of the CSA. I hate to lose it; I have one on my wall right now. But it has been vulgarized in recent times and—let's face it—the Confederate Navy was not the most effective arm of our fighting force.

In its place let those of us who believe in the historical Confederacy adopt the square battle flag, the one the Army really fought under. It looks almost the same—but the shape is distinctive and thus far no one has abused or discredited it. Let's publicly proclaim that this flag is NOT a symbol of slavery or oppression, that it represents everything good in the Old South—honor, Christian piety, family, integrity, traditional morality, and freedom from regimentation.

Then let's fight for that flag, defending it from the carpetbaggers, the scalawags, and from those poor ignorant folks at Forsyth and Summerville, who may be our worst enemies after all.



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

George Wallace, upon his recent retirement from public life, wondered aloud why people still think of him as Mr. Segregation rather than as the "progressive" leader he became after he recanted his heresy. After all, he reminded us, Lyndon Johnson started out as a segregationist too, but nobody brings that up now.

Well, George, LBJ was a little different. He changed his constituency. You changed your mind. Besides, the image game has never been played by rational rules. For example, who most deserves a national holiday—M. L. King or Thomas Jefferson? Exactly.

FEBRUARY

12th Annual Zoo Weekend (Feb. 14-15)
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 832-2637

Mardi Gras (Feb. 18-Mar. 3)
Mobile, Alabama (205) 431-8637

Reynolds Historical Lecture (Feb. 20)
Birmingham, Alabama (205) 934-4475

MARCH

The Siege of Fort Blakeley (Mar. 7-8)
Spanish Fort, Alabama (205) 626-0798

The Last Battles (Mar. 14-15)
Dauphin Island, Alabama
(205) 861-6992

ARKANSAS

Sam Walton, chief executive of Wal-Mart and the richest man in the world, has just formed a fourteen-man business council to promote the development of Arkansas, and frankly we have mixed feelings.

Walton is a great entrepreneur, has built a retail empire on the principles of service and fair play, and has even managed to help hard-hit industries like textile manufacturing while still turning a prodigious profit.

On the other hand he and his fourteen friends may just ruin Arkansas if they turn it into a macrocosm of a cut-rate department store. Arkansas is the last retreat of rural America, the state with the largest number of unspoiled acres in the nation (green acres, that is). Don't pave it over and divide it into retail departments, Sam. What a tragedy if we all went there and found it paved over, covered by miles and miles of checkout counters run by cashiers with bleached hair and blue eyelids.

MARCH

Cabaret Gala (Mar. 6)
Springdale, Arkansas (501) 521-4166

19th Annual Jonquil Festival (Mar. 6-8)
Washington, Arkansas (501) 983-2684

Classic Collector and Antique Car Exhibit and Auction (Mar. 14-15)
Hot Springs, Arkansas (501) 321-1144

Cajun Night (Mar. 21)
Morrilton, Arkansas (501) 354-4589

FLORIDA

Bill Williams of Tampa isn't sure he's ever going hunting again. Certainly if he does he'll be a little more careful when he sits down. It seems that early this fall he went plunging into a swamp, he and a friend, both of them hoping to bag a deer sometime after dawn. Arriving at an ideal spot while it was still dark, the two men decided to sit down under a huge cypress tree to wait for daylight.

"The cypress roots made natural easy chairs," Bill said later. "I just sat down in one, shotgun in between my legs, rested both arms on the roots, laid my head against the trunk and went to sleep. I woke up when Fred started to poke me in the back. Or so I thought."

Turns out Fred was still sound asleep, and Williams soon realized that it wasn't his friend trying to wake him. Something else was. Instinct made him stay perfectly still while he tried to assess the situation. Then he became aware that in addition to the thing poking him, something was moving under his rear end. It was as if he were sitting on a cushion that was trying to get out from under him.

"I knew I had sat on something," Williams said, "I just had to figure out what it was, so I called over to Fred and asked him to have a look-see. After Fred yelled so loud, I guess I sort of knew what it was."

What-it-was was a rattlesnake as big around as a man's thigh. The snake had been coiled in the crotch of the cypress roots, apparently asleep, when Fred had sat down on it. Its coils pressed together, the rattler worked to free itself by bumping the top of its head against the small of Williams' back. And what did Williams do?

"I didn't say a word," he said. "And I don't even remember moving. One second I was sitting on that snake, and the next second I was about forty feet away, sweat pouring off my face, sick to my stomach."

FEBRUARY

Olustee Battle Festival and Civil War Reenactment (Feb. 13-15)
Lake City, Florida (904) 752-3690

13th Annual Seafood Festival (Feb. 7, 8)
Everglades City, Florida
(813) 695-3514

Daytona 500 (Feb. 15)
Daytona Beach, Florida
(904) 253-6711

GEORGIA

Robert Smith of Atlanta, a lover of good music, finally had enough. It seems that one Oswald Spong had for two years been playing heavy metal rock in the apartment next door and Smith had been suffering in silence.

This Christmas Oswald got a new sound system as big as a refrigerator, and on New Year's Eve he twisted all the knobs clockwise as far as they would go, put on the latest Motley Crue album, and leaned back to enjoy the vibes.

Smith later explained things from his point of view.

"I was nearly asleep when suddenly I thought an airplane had flown in through the window and crashed under my bed. The drums were beating so loud my heart was palpatating like it was going to tear itself out of my chest.

"I beat on the wall and Oswald didn't even answer, so I figured I had to do something or go crazy."

What he did was take out his shotgun, put it up against the sheet rock that separated the two apartments, and let loose with both barrels. After the huge roar there was sudden silence, and then, from a distant room, the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

Smith paid a fine and was ordered to replace both the wall and the stereo system he destroyed with a lucky shot.

FEBRUARY

Confederate Blockade Runner C.S.S. "Nashville" Festival (Feb. 28)
Richmond Hill, Ft. McCallister Historical Park, Georgia (912) 727-2339

MARCH

Rattlesnake Roundup (Mar. 14)
Claxton, Georgia (912) 739-3773

Annual Country Music Festival (Mar. 21)
Toccoa, Georgia (404) 886-2132

KENTUCKY

Diane Sawyer, a native of the Bluegrass State, has just been rehired by CBS for a reputed $1,000,000 a year, which is a remarkable salary when you consider that she has Southern roots and worked for Richard Nixon in the early post-Watergate years.

She is worth every penny, if only because she brings moments of intelligence and insight to a program that is too often ideological and occasionally bigoted. Ed Bradley and Morley Safer are particularly hostile toward the South and Southerners; and while Diane Sawyer is by no means an apologist for the region, her charm and good sense contrast sharply with the frenetic personalities of the other commentators, all of whom are reporters only in the loosest sense of the word.

FEBRUARY

Greenbo Arts Festival (Feb. 20-21)
Greenup, Kentucky (606) 473-7324

Humana Festival of New American Plays (Feb. 26-Mar. 28)
Louisville, Kentucky (502) 584-1205

MARCH

Frankfort Quilt Festival (Mar. 1-31)
Frankfort, Kentucky (502) 227-1600

WKU Horsemen's Spring Charity Horse Show (Mar. 7)
Bowling Green, Kentucky
(502) 745-3151

LOUISIANA

Southerners have never really learned how to be entrepreneurs. Yankees started the Miss America Contest and turned it into a multi-million-dollar enterprise. Yankees came up with the Miss World Contest, and it was also a hit. Then they came along with Miss Universe, and once more they struck paydirt.

But down in Chalmette, Louisiana when they tried to put on the Cutest Kid in the World Contest, nothing went right. The trouble was, the show just moved at too leisurely a pace. The whole thing was to have gotten started early in the day, but parents and grandparents waited in vain until the sun had sunk into the pines. Then they turned ugly.

Later Mrs. Ann Berry, contest director, would complain that, "We were not running that far behind. One woman was a trouble-maker. She got up and tried to hit me on the stage at 5:30 p.m. She hit the P.A. system instead of me. Of course, the P.A. didn't work properly after that."

Apparently the woman wanted her $40 entrance fee back. When she went on the attack, other women stormed onto the stage with her. Then the whole audience joined in the act, like saloon patrons in a Western movie. They started scattering chairs, blankets, baby bottles and demanding their money back, while everywhere you could hear the sound of screaming children.

Mrs. Berry, shocked by what was happening, fainted and had to be carried off the stage. Meanwhile, the mob, composed largely of the relatives of contestants, started looting the place, hauling off trophies, colored robes, video equipment, and 30 "kiddie crowns." Before it was over they had to call out the St. Bernard Parish sheriff's department to restore order.

Mrs. Berry, after she had returned to consciousness, showed remarkable resilience in the light of what had happened: "We're going to finish this contest," she said. "We're going to get the cutest girl and the cutest boy."

Somehow we doubt it. Southerners just aren't promoters the way Yankees are. If a Yankee had been in charge of the Cutest Kid in the World Contest, they would have been rude to everybody, run the show with a stop watch, and had the Cutest Kid in the World doing a victory walk in 90 minutes.

MARCH

Le Grande Boucherie des Cajuns (Mar. 1)
St. Martinville, Louisiana
1-800-231-4730

Mardi Gras Parades (Mar. 4)
Grand Marais, Houma, Lafayette, Lake Charles, Loreauville, Morgan City 1-800-231-4730

MARYLAND

Federalization has left many Marylanders with the impression that the State song is about the British invasion of 1812. In fact, James Ryder

Randal penned the nine verses after he learned of the bloodshed in Baltimore. The poem was published on April 26, 1861, in Louisiana and was soon put to music by Hetty and Constance Cary of Baltimore. The piece was an immediate success and rivaled such favorites as "Bonnie Blue Flag."

At the core of our Southern patrimony is the stirring inflections of our State song, "Maryland, My Maryland." In recent years, the song has come under attack by those who would deny Marylanders their heritage. Today, the noble madrigal continues to rise and carry its message of defiance.

The despot's heel is on thy shore.
His torch is at the temple door.
Avenge the patriotic gore,
that flecked the streets of Baltimore
and be the battle queen of yore.
Maryland, My Maryland.

For Southerners everywhere, its words stir the heart.

—contributed by
Harry E. Bichy

FEBRUARY

Cabin Fever Folk Life Festival (Feb. 7)
Westminster, Maryland

Antique Valentine Display (Feb. 7-8)
Clinton, Maryland

MARCH

Winterfest XIV (Mar. 14-15)
McHenry, Maryland

Greensberg's Great Train, Dollhouse & Toy Show (Mar. 21-22)
Timonium, Maryland (301) 795-7447

MISSISSIPPI

They're still doing things down in Mississippi that folks up North don't approve of. The latest outrage came during the Christmas season when, in defiance of the American Civil Liberties Union itself, state officials authorized the displaying of a cross on the Walter Sillers Building, whereupon Hilary Chiz, executive director of the Mississippi ACLU, called a news conference to say that, "There has never been a federal court that has upheld a cross display on a public building," whereupon she filed for a temporary restraining order.

U.S. District Judge William H. Barbour, Jr. agreed to consider the matter immediately; but regardless of his ruling, the matter will probably end up in the Supreme Court.

In the meantime, a belated Merry Christmas to Mississippi's governor and a bag of secular switches to Miz Chiz and the rest of the grinches.

FEBRUARY

Elks Mardi Gras Parade (Feb. 7)
Ocean Springs, Mississippi
(601) 875-8655

Political Statements Art Exhibition (Feb. 22-24)
Oxford, Mississippi (601) 232-7073

MARCH

Dixie National Western Festival (Mar. 13-15)
Jackson, Mississippi (800) 354-7695

MISSOURI

Last Saturday the personal effects of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* were auctioned off—furniture, carpets, water coolers, files—the whole whizz.

One more newspaper gone forever, like so many before it. It was a sad day, not only for those people who worked for the paper and for those who read it, but also for the nation as a whole. We are all diminished when a significant voice is stilled, leaving only one opinion organ left—in this case the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. This has happened in too many American cities, thereby insuring that year by year the press will be more and more monolithic, more and more dictatorial, less and less tolerant of the rich diversity in American political life.

FEBRUARY

Winter Bluegrass Festival (Feb. 2-22)
Hannibal, Missouri (314) 853-4344

Sno-Ball Classic (Feb. 7-8)
St. Charles, Missouri (314) 991-3640

All Sports Show (Feb. 10-15)
St. Louis, Missouri (314) 342-5025

NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina is trying out something "new" in the way of settling civil disputes—an "arbitrator" who listens to both sides, then renders his neutral verdict and hopes that the contestants don't start to whale the tar out of one another—or him.

There's nothing really innovative about such a method. It was used for hundreds of years in England, where the knight of the shire would listen to quarrelsome people and then render a decision. The same practice continued in this country, particularly in frontier communities; and the person who heard these disputes was someone who had a reputation for wisdom and fairness.

Under the North Carolina system, set up by the State Bar Association, the "arbitrator" has to be a lawyer with at least five years experience; and he must be chosen from a list of approved persons. So if you want to get away from legalisms and return to common sense, you probably won't always find what you're looking for in an arbitrator.

FEBRUARY

Sugar Mountain Pro-Am. (Feb. 5)
Banner Elk, North Carolina
(704) 898-4521

Anniversary Celebration of Battle of Moores Creek (Feb. 28-Mar. 1)
Currie, North Carolina (919) 283-5591

MARCH

Cataloochee's Annual Spring Frolic (Mar. 7-8)
Maggie Valley, North Carolina
(704) 926-0285

122nd Anniversary of the Battle of Bentonville (Mar. 22)
Newton Grove, North Carolina
(919) 594-0789

SOUTH CAROLINA

The minister of Charleston's Unitarian Church was forced to resign after ten years in the face of grave charges. Members of his congregation accused him of:

1) Being "spiritually oriented";

2) Using the word "God" in church.

Since the group responsible for this heretic's ouster seems to have been very small, they might well have solved their problem simply by attending one of the local Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Catholic churches.

In the same vein, the irrepressible Kenneth Cribb, one of the most genuinely influential Southerners in the Reagan Administration, was recently representing Attorney General Edwin Meese in a meeting with a group of concerned citizens, one of them a Mormon.

In the course of the discussion, which became somewhat heated, the Mormon glared at Cribb and said, "Well, Ken, you must understand that I speak as a member of a religious minority."

Cribb glared back and replied, "Come off it! I'm a member of a religious minority, too."

"Oh," said the Mormon, a little taken aback. "I didn't realize that. What minority?"

"I'm a Methodist," said Cribb, "who believes in God."

FEBRUARY

Southeastern Wildlife Exposition (Feb. 12-15)
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 875-3170

28th Annual Tour of Charming Dwellings (Feb. 27)
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 722-1585

TENNESSEE

State authorities claim they have improved conditions on death row, while lawyers for the inmates argue that conditions are still deplorable.

There's one way to resolve that debate, though only the federal judiciary can take the necessary steps. If the courts institute a priority system so that all appeals of capital offenses go immediately to the head of the docket (or better yet, go through a newly-created series of appellate judges), then we could run them through death row so fast that folks wouldn't have time to think about whether or not they had a soft mattress or a color TV.

FEBRUARY

"Slavery on Adams Avenue" (Feb. 21 & 28)
Memphis, Tennessee (901) 526-4464

Decorative Arts Annual Symposium "Southern Seasonings" (Feb. 21)
Memphis, Tennessee (901) 722-3540

TEXAS

While the rest of the country was wondering just what kind of Speaker Jim Wright would make, many Texans were drinking more Lone Star beers than usual and shaking their heads. They know Wright all too well, and a lot of them are sorry to see Tip O'Neill go.

One Texas Democratic leader told us that Wright was the "ultimate slicker, a man with a tongue so oily his saliva used to be worth $30 a barrel, before the Ay-rabs got to messing with the market."

"He's no crookeder than the next fellow," our source said. "It's just that while he's double crossing you he gives you a Sunday School sermon with that preacher smile on his face. He makes me want to burp."

In addition to matters of style, critics say Wright is at least a partisan as O'Neill and a good deal tougher in the way he conducts business in the House. He is said to have a terrible temper, and to be capable of much meanness in the service of his party.

So after the first of the year watch for a mounting attack on the President, led by Wright, who will begin by filling the air with pietistic talk of bipartisanship and end by saying that Ronald Reagan is the Beast of the Apocalypse.

FEBRUARY

Washington's Birthday Celebration (Feb. 14-22)
Laredo, Texas (512) 722-9895

Livestock Show & Rodeo (Feb. 21-Mar. 8)
Houston, Texas (713) 791-9000

Shakespeare Festival (Feb. 20-Mar. 15)
Odessa, Texas (915) 332-1586

MARCH

River Oaks Azalea Trail (Mar. 7-8, 14-15)
Houston, Texas (713) 523-2483

Rio Grande Valley Livestock Show & Rodeo (Mar. 18-22)
Mercedes, Texas (512) 565-2456

St. Patrick's Day Celebration (Mar. 13-15)
Shamrock, Texas (806) 256-2501

VIRGINIA

Pat Robertson's campaign has received little attention in recent weeks, and supporters suggest the news blackout may be attributable to the fact that Robertson's petition drive is meeting with a success far greater than even he might have predicted. Already, according to reports, more than 100,000 petitions have been handed out, ten times the number originally printed. Optimists are predicting that he may get as many as six to eight million signatures, an amount unprecedented in American political history. Not since the late Huey P. Long has an "outsider" received so much popular support.

Republican leaders are clearly worried, and you can look for an outbreak of Christian bashing in 1987, a strategem that may spell defeat for any "mainstream" nominee, like, for example, George Bush.

FEBRUARY

"Perceptions of the Colonial Past" (Feb. 1-6)
Williamsburg, Virginia (804) 229-1000

George Washington Birthday Parade (Feb. 16)
Alexandria, Virginia (703) 549-0205

MARCH

"Father of the U.S. Constitution" (James Madison) (Mar. 16)
Montpelier Station, Virginia
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The USA and the CSA Constitutions: A Comparison

By James David Altman

The American people will soon celebrate the bicentennial of the United States Constitution, adopted in 1787. In most respects, the Confederate Constitution of 1861 was identical to the Old Document. But did you know...

Southern leaders had few complaints with the old Constitution under which they had lived. The heart of the conflict, they felt, was that the intent of the written law had been subverted by Northern sectionalists.

Three major areas of conflict were over protective tariffs, the settlement of common territories, and the right to be secure in one's property. Although tariffs enacted to foster industry had received initial approval from the South, Southerners came to be opposed to these measures as overly beneficial to Northern manufacturers and injurious to the agricultural South. The question of settlement and territorial administration was a particularly abrasive issue, as Northern states sought to stop the expansion of slavery into the territories and Southerners insisted on the right of persons to migrate into the territories with their property, including bound laborers. This was related to the third issue—security in property. Specifically, the properties in question were slaves, and Northern Abolitionists had already demonstrated their view on this matter in the halls of Congress, the prairies of Kansas, and Harpers Ferry, Virginia.

Various compromises and appeasements had held the Union together through past crises, but Abraham Lincoln's election in November 1860 was the solvent that destroyed the glue. Seeking to form a new coalition of states, Southern representatives met as a provisional Congress in early February 1861 and a "Committee of Twelve" was appointed to draft a plan of government. Their work resulted in a provisional Constitution, and on March 11 a permanent Constitution was adopted.

The government established by the Confederate Constitution closely resembled that which had formerly governed the Union. It was a republican form of government with power divided among an executive, a bicameral legislative, and a judicial branch. Each of the twelve amendments attached to the United States Constitution was incorporated into the body of the new document, with various alterations and additions. Some of the changes obviously reflected the agrarian and fiscally and politically conservative philosophies of the Southern framers, but others, in the words of Vice-President Alexander Stephens, reflected "the experience of seventy years" and "were proper and necessary for the harmonious working of the system."

According to William Robinson in a study published in the *Journal of Southern History* (November 1938), the Southern Constitution "marked the high point in American constitution-making." Besides changing the name of the document to reflect the name and nature of the new Southern government, the first alteration occurred in the Preamble. In the first sentence of the CSA Constitution the framers made clear the nature of the government by stating that it was created by individual states, each one "acting in its sovereign and independent character...." This was consistent with States' Rights philosophy and was done to preclude the troublesome controversy which had surfaced over the nature of the United States government—whether that government was the creature of the states, or of the people as a whole.

Omitted in the Preamble was the "general welfare" clause. The gentlemen who adopted the Confederate Constitution were basically conservative and believed that citizens should look after their own welfare. Included in the Confederate Preamble was an invocation of the "favor and guidance of Almighty God." While there was no mention of the Deity in the United States Constitution, the earlier Articles of Confederation had made reference to the "Great Governor of the World."

The more precise use of words became apparent in the Southern Constitution in Article I, Section I., where Congress was "delegated" the legislative powers of government. In the 1787 document Congress was "granted" those powers. The men at Montgomery preferred delegating authority rather than granting powers. This distinction was intended to emphasize that government should remain the servant of the people.

The subject of voter qualification for state and federal officers was also taken up in Article I, Section II. Whereas various states had previously allowed unnaturalized aliens to participate in the election process, only citizens of the Confederate States were granted the vote. Another deviation from the old Constitution pertained to the apportionment of representatives. Under the United States Constitution, the number of representatives could not exceed one for every thirty thousand citizens, but the Confederate Constitution set the limit at fifty thousand.

As for States' Rights, the Confederate Constitution was noticeably silent on one issue, and yet explicit on another. Nowhere in the document is found any specific reference to the right of secession. This may appear strange, but the State sovereignty affirmed in the Preamble clearly implied that States could remove themselves from the general government. Besides, the denial of the right of secession from the Confederacy would have been inconsistent with the Constitutional view upon which the Confederacy was based. An assertion of States' Rights, though it was not called such, is found in the Second Section of the First Article. Any federal officer, "resident and acting solely within the limits of any State," could be removed from office by a two-thirds vote of that State's legislature. This was a major departure from the old Constitution, but consistent with States' Rights beliefs.

The next major variation from the United States Constitution is found in the power of Congress to pass legislation allowing Cabinet members to have a non-voting seat on the floor of either House. This was done to promote greater cooperation between the executive and legislative branches and was in theory a sound measure, but Congress never passed the appropriate legislation. Another Confederate measure to streamline the governmental process was the power given the President to exercise a line item veto in appropriation bills. This was done in the spirit of fiscal restraint and would have expanded the power of the Presidency.

The "Congressional Powers Section" of the Confederate Constitution is another example of the fiscal conservatism of the Southern leaders. All taxes and duties were to be levied only "for revenue necessary" to carry on the limited functions of government. Furthermore, no taxes or import fees were to be enacted to "promote or foster" American industry. This was classic laissez faire. Protective tariffs, so long denounced by Southern leaders like John C. Calhoun, were thus explicitly forbidden.

Federal appropriations for internal improvements, except for the express purpose of aiding navigation, were likewise prohibited. A major departure from the United States Constitution was the power of Congress, by a two-thirds vote of both Houses, to levy an export duty on articles. States were also given the power to lay a tonnage fee on vessels in their waters, but the funds were to be applied solely to improving the navigation of rivers and harbors that the ships used. States could also enter into compacts with other states for navigational improvements in regard to rivers which either ran between them or flowed through two or more states.

On issues dealing with slavery, the Confederate Constitution was much more specific than the old Constitution. For one thing, slaves were called slaves and not "other Persons" or "such Persons." The Southern document was also more concrete on the importation of foreign slaves. Slave importation in the United States was prohibited by Congressional law in 1808, but it was never legal under Confederate law, except for slaves brought in from states and territories of the United States at the discretion of Congress. Confederate States were not denied the right to abolish slavery within their own boundaries and there was no provision concerning the acceptance of free States into the nation, but the right of persons to carry their chattels into any part of the Confederacy was guaranteed.

Economic frugality, evident in many places in the Confederate Constitution, was strikingly apparent in the appropriation powers of Congress. The President's line item veto has already been mentioned, and Congress was also limited in its power to appropriate funds on its own

initiative. Except by a two-thirds vote by both Houses, or for the purpose of paying "its own expenses" or for claims against the federal government, no money could be taken from the Treasury unless it was asked for by one of the heads of the governmental departments and submitted to Congress by the President.

In addition, all monetary bills submitted were required to specify the exact amount of money asked for and the purpose of the said funds. Related to this was a prohibition against legislation that was overly broad in scope. That is, each law had to be for one specific purpose only and had to specify that purpose in its title. This restriction would thus forestall many legal ambiguities, but could have necessitated Congress's spending an inordinate amount of time enacting new legislation. Another economy in government measures was for the Post Office to be financially independent of federal appropriations after two years. This was also done to curb abuses which had arisen in the franking privileges of Congressmen.

One of the most striking differences in the two documents concerned the President and Vice-President. The terms of the two officers were set at six years, and the Chief Executive was not eligible for re-election. This meant that the President could devote his entire tenure to the affairs of state and not have to spend the latter years of a first term running for re-election. William Robinson, in his 1938 study, explained this limitation by stating that "inasmuch as political parties had no organized existence in the Confederate States, there was no influence at work to perpetuate old schemes for achieving and maintaining party advantage."

The issue of patronage was also dealt with by allowing the President to remove only Cabinet members or diplomatic officials at his own pleasure. To remove other officers of the executive department, the President had to report to the Senate why they should be removed. Furthermore, the President could not appoint any person to an office when the Senate was in recess if that person had been rejected by that body in its last session.

The judicial powers of the Confederacy were very similar to those of the United States, in order to provide a smooth transition for the new government. The only major difference was the immunity of States from suits by citizens of a foreign power.

The allowance for admission of new States was made subject to the approval of a two-thirds vote of the House of Representatives and like vote of the Senate (the Senate, however, was to vote by States). It was recognized that the Confederacy might acquire new territories, and Congress was given the power for passing legislation concerning them. The issue of "popular sovereignty" was thus put to rest. The institution of slavery was guaranteed in each such territory and so was the right of Confederate citizens to travel to those lands with their slaves.

The Constitutional amendment process was markedly different from that under the old Constitution and once again reflected the States' Rights philosophy. Under the United States Constitution, Congress took the first steps toward amendments and then called upon the States to convene and consider the proposals. Under the Southern Constitution, three or more States, "legally assembled in their several conventions," could call upon Congress to summon a general convention of the States to consider amendments. Once assembled, if two-thirds of the States agreed upon an amendment, it then went to the individual States for two-thirds approval from their legislatures or separate state conventions. If thus approved, the amendment became part of the Constitution.

Constitutional ratification was similar to that required by the United States Constitution, but the number of States needed to approve the adoption of the document was smaller than the number required in 1787. This, of course, reflected the smaller number of States joining the Confederacy.

E.M. Coulter, in his book *The Confederate States of America* (LSU Press, 1950), argues that the CSA Constitution is "one of the most interesting documents of fundamental law in America" for the "clarifications and additions" it made to the United States Constitution. Though broadly similar to the 1787 document, the Confederate Constitution varied in a number of ways and reflected the conservative and agrarian views of its framers. To contemporaries, as expressed in the March 15 edition of the *Charleston Mercury* the CSA document was "the best Constitution, we believe, ever devised by man."

Not all praise for the Constitutional changes came from the South. The *New York Herald* stated that the Southern Constitution contained a number of "very important and most desireable improvements" that should have been made in the United States Constitution. Had the "excellent amendments" concerning economic matters been written into the 1787 document, according to the *Herald*, $300-500 million could have been saved from "wasteful squandering in swindling lobby jobs, contracts, and c."

Other people, such as Frank Owsley in *State Rights in the Confederacy*, stopped short of condemnation, but blamed its strong States' Rights aspect for the ultimate failure of the Confederacy. Whichever side is argued, it is interesting to note that some of its changes, such as a single expanded Presidential term and the line item veto, are issues contemplated and debated today. ☆

James David Altman, a native of Charleston and a graduate student at the University of South Carolina, has written many book reviews for various newspapers and magazines.

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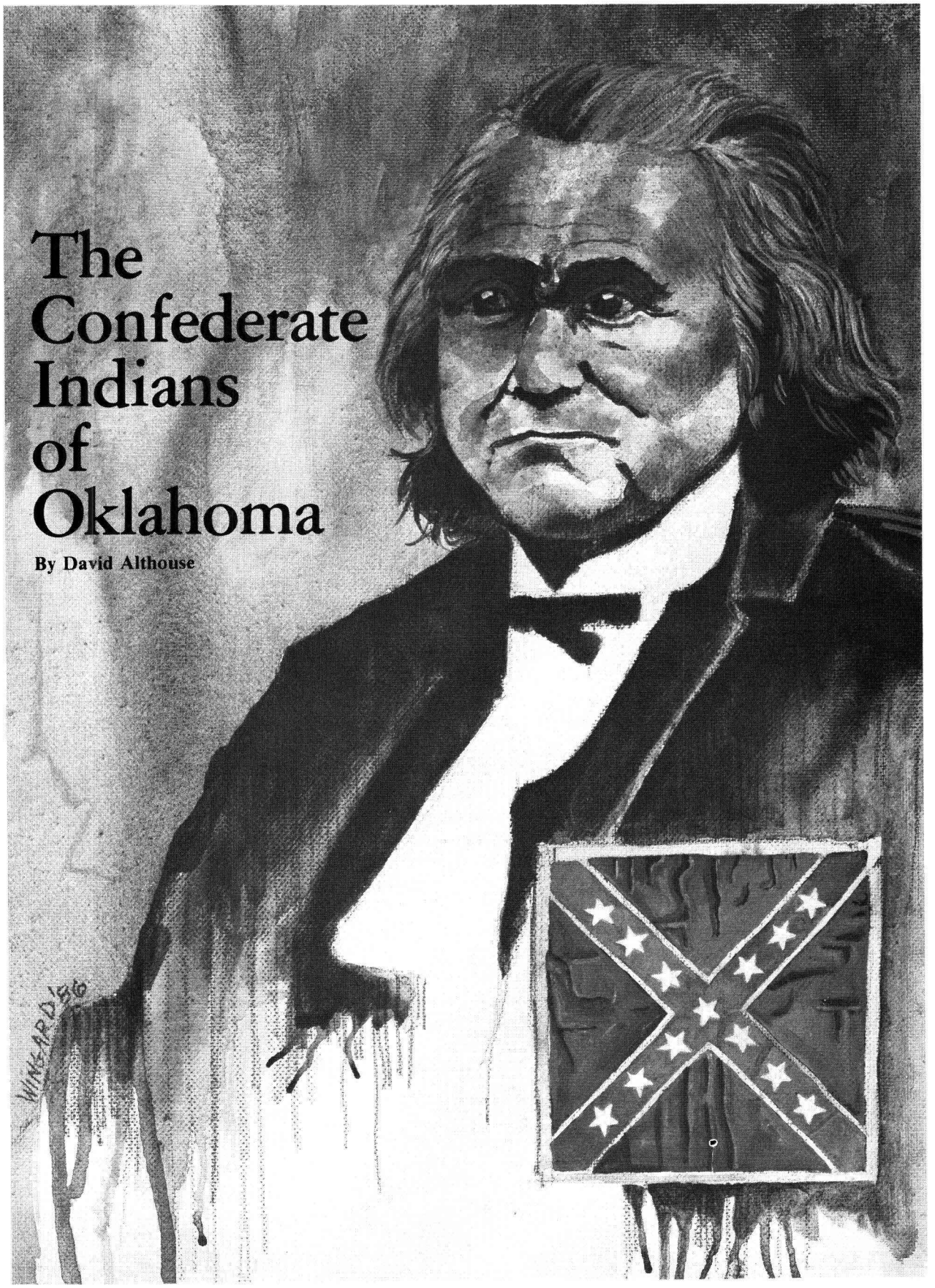

The Confederate Indians of Oklahoma

By David Althouse

Watie's battles with the Federals were similar to his brawls with violent men. To Watie, Federals and violent men were one and the same, and he stood ready to kill both when necessary.

In the cool green of the Ozark forests in the Oklahoma town of Tahlequah on October 7, 1861, the course of history in the Indian Territory was dramatically altered. For it was in Tahlequah that the Confederacy found a staunch ally in what is now "The Home of the Red Man." This event has since captured the attention of only a handful of historians, an unfortunate omission for students of Southern history.

Among the most notable of the Indian warriors who fought for the South was a three-quarter blood Cherokee named Stand Watie, born December 12, 1806 near the present site of Rome, Georgia. His father, Uweti (also known as David-oo-Wa-tee) was the husband of Susannah Reese, one-half white and a descendant of the Reese family of North Carolina and Georgia. The Indian name Watie's parents gave him was Ta-ker-taw-ker, meaning "to Stand Firm—Immovable."

Soon he became known as Stand and excelled in riding and ball playing. Little did he or anyone else know that he would one day employ his superb athletic skills defending the Southland. Before Stand was twelve years old, he learned to speak English. As a young man in Georgia, he became involved in Cherokee politics, serving as a leader of the Treaty Party, a faction of mostly mixed-bloods who desired removal to present-day Oklahoma. He also became editor of the *Cherokee Phoenix*, a newspaper well known in the Southern and Eastern literary worlds; and, after traveling the gruesome "Trail of Tears" to Indian Territory, he became the established leader of many Cherokees.

Fighting between the Treaty Party and the Ross Party (a faction of Cherokees who wanted to remain in the East) lasted for many years after the Cherokees settled Indian Territory. During a period of escalating tension between the two groups, the four men primarily responsible for the removal treaty were marked for assassination by Ross supporters. Three of the men, including Watie's uncle, Major Ridge, were killed. Watie was warned and hid in a deep hole which children believed to be a bottomless pit they called the "Devil's Sinkhole." Saplings were placed over the pit to keep passersby from falling in, so Watie was able to hang from those saplings while fifty mounted assassins rode by in single file. Once the horsemen were well beyond, Watie pulled himself from the pit and proceeded to his sister's home, where the assassins had searched only minutes before.

Stand Watie would not soon forget this episode. He vowed revenge against his uncle's assassin, who was later identified as the 215-pound James Foreman, a man with a reputation for violence. The final confrontation occurred in Benton County, Arkansas, just across the border from the Cherokee Nation, where Watie, his brother and a friend stopped at a supply store-tavern for a drink. Foreman entered the building and, standing about four feet in front of Watie, asked whose glass of liquor was on the counter. Watie responded, saying the glass was his, and offered Foreman a drink. Foreman took a drink from the glass, saying, "Stand Watie, here is wishing you may live forever."

He then handed Watie the remainder of the drink. Watie accepted the glass but didn't take a drink. "Jim," Watie said, "I suppose I can drink with you, but I understood a few days since that you were going to kill me."

"Say yourself," said Foreman sarcastically.

Watie then threw the liquor in Foreman's face. Foreman tried to strike Watie with a whip which was reportedly "large enough to have killed a man." Dodging the whip, Watie also had to contend with Foreman's uncle, who kept attacking from behind. Refusing to succumb to the unfair odds, Watie pulled out a knife. Foreman ran outside, found a board and, as Watie charged from the door, hit him. But, as Watie charged, he struck Foreman with the knife.

After running about twenty feet, Foreman said: "You haven't done it yet."

Watie then presented a pistol, fired at his opponent, but missed. Foreman ran about one hundred yards, fell into a fence and died. Watie was later acquitted on a plea of self-defense.

Watie's battles with the Federals were similar to his brawls with violent men. To Watie, Federals and violent men were one and the same, and he stood ready to kill both when necessary. In holding these sentiments Stand Watie represented many other Cherokees.

Cherokees, however, were not the only tribe in Indian Territory to defend the Southland. Along with a fraction of the Creek tribe, the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles also fought on the Confederate side. Hence, the Confederacy could claim almost unanimous support from the entire Five Civilized Tribes. (Even Indians in central and western Indian Territory allied with the Confederate forces, namely parts of the Caddo and Osage tribes.

Southern Cherokee Delegation to Washington, 1866
Left to right: John Rollin Ridge, Saladin Watie, Richard Fields, E.C. Boudinot, W.P. Adair.

Unlike the Five Civilized Tribes, though, these Indians fought not because of pro-Southern feelings, but because of staunch anti-Federal sentiment.)

Indeed, on July 12, 1861, at North Fork Town, the Choctaw Nation asked to be admitted into the CSA as a State, equal in all respects with the original thirteen Confederate states, according to the Journal of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, 1861-1865. But Senator Robert W. Johnson of Arkansas had this phrase deleted from the final treaty between the Choctaws and the Confederacy, as he favored delaying Choctaw Nation statehood until a later date. This more than likely disappointed the Choctaws because they were the most loyal of the Confederate Indians. For instance, in October of 1863, during a meeting of the Choctaw and Chickasaw General Council, a resolution was passed declaring the death penalty for anyone who advocated neutrality in the War for Southern Independence.

In May of 1861, the Confederacy sent a good friend of the Indians, Albert Pike, to Indian Territory to negotiate treaties. In these treaties, the Confederacy took over the obligations of the United States. The Indians were required to furnish troops for their own defense, but they were not to serve outside the territory. The Confederate government in May of 1861 authorized three Indian regiments for Confederate service, but four were organized. The former Choctaw-Chickasaw Indian agent, Douglas Cooper, commanded the Choctaw-Chickasaw regiment; Colonel Daniel N. McIntosh commanded the Creek-Seminole regiment; and Colonel John Drew commanded the Cherokee regiment with officers selected from supporters of Chief John Ross. Stand Watie formed a regiment made up of his own followers one month before the Ross regiment was organized. Before the War for Southern Independence ended, these four regiments would number approximately 10,000 men.

After the Cherokees allied with the Confederacy, Stand Watie was given a Colonel's commission. His unit would be known as the Cherokee Mounted Rifles. Before the War ended, these ardent secessionists had fought Federals at such places as Wilson's Creek, Bird Creek, Pea Ridge, Poison Springs, Spavinaw, Newtonia, Fort Wayne, Fort Gibson, Honey Springs, Webbers Falls, Cabin Creek, and Massard Prairie. They would also humiliate the Northern aggressors with dazzling guerilla warfare. Watie's service to the South ultimately won him a resolution of appreciation from the Confederate Congress, and earned him a General's commission in the Confederate Army.

The area around Tahlequah, Oklahoma became a site of special activity for CSA General Stand Watie. While Federals were advancing into Confederate Indian Territory strongholds, Watie was ordered to create chaos to the rear of the Federals in the Cherokee Nation. On October 29, 1863, Watie led a scouting party northeast to Tahlequah, where he killed several Northern Indians,

burned the Cherokee Council House and captured several Northern Cherokees. After Watie moved south to Park Hill, he set fire to the other Northern strongholds. His men, upon returning to Tahlequah, killed four Federal soldiers and captured slaves belonging to John Ross. Before the War for Southern Independence was over, the Confederate Indians even fought outside their own territory. In the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, on March 6-8, 1862, Watie's Cherokee forces captured a battery of artillery. And during the Battle of Poison Springs, Arkansas, Confederate Indians helped capture a Federal battery and assisted in taking an important wagon train.

Probably the most notable confrontation in the Indian Territory was the Battle of Honey Springs. Originally a stage stop and provision point on the Texas road, which ran through the center of the battleground, Honey Springs became the site of one of the most significant battles in the state. According to LeRoy Fischer, author of *The Civil War Era in Indian Territory* and *Civil War Sites in Oklahoma,* Honey Springs was the most significant battle fought in what is now Oklahoma. "It was in both size and importance the Gettysburg of the Civil War in Indian Territory, marking the climax of massive Confederate military resistance in the area. It opened the way for the capture of Fort Smith, Arkansas by the Federal forces and resulted in Federal control of Indian Territory and much of Arkansas." After the Federal victory at Honey Springs, the Confederate Indians were put on the defensive throughout the territory.

Continuing their drive south, the Federals arrived at Skullyville, located near present-day Spiro and old Fort Coffee. Again, they burned crucial Confederate-held buildings and began a march northward to Fort Gibson. From there, they followed the Arkansas River to Fort Smith, which they captured September 1, 1863. The Federals slowly gained control over the rest of Indian Territory and the Confederate Indians withdrew to the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations and northern Texas.

Full-scale Confederate resistance was no longer possible after the Battle of Honey Springs, so the military talents of Confederate General Stand Watie entered the picture. Also called "Swamp Fox" because his tactics were modeled after those of General Francis Marion of Revolutionary War fame, Watie would surprise the Federals with guerilla attacks all over Indian Territory. It was Watie who made a dramatic capture of the Federal steamboat *J.R. Williams*, enroute from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson. The cargo, consisting of food, clothing and other provisions valued at $120,000, was probably the largest ever sent by water into Indian Territory. Watie ambushed the vessel with a three-gun battery and a cavalry party, causing the Federal guard of 25 to desert the vessel. But this was not the extent of Watie's captures.

"The outstanding Confederate military achievement of 1864 in Indian Territory was the brilliant capture by Watie, assisted by Brigadier General Richard M. Gano of Texas, of a Federal supply wagon at Cabin Creek," Fischer writes in *Civil War Sites in Oklahoma.* "The month was September. Watie and Gano had recently burned 5,000 tons of hay and had killed 40 Federal Negroes engaged in the harvest. Then they continued by the Texas Road to Cabin Creek where they encountered a large Federal supply wagon train enroute from Fort Scott, Kansas, to Fort Gibson." The train, containing food, clothing, and other provisions valued at $1,500,000, was intended for the 16,000 refugee Indians loyal to the Federals in and around Fort Gibson.

In spite of his best efforts, Watie could not stall the Federal advance. General Watie knew the Confederacy was in trouble and decided to wait for a turn of events. News drifted west of General Lee's military surrender to General Grant April 9, 1865. Also, word soon reached Indian Territory that General Edmund Kirby-Smith, in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department (which included Indian Territory), had surrendered May 26. However, Watie made no efforts to give up and kept a small force together until a detachment of Federals sought him out at Doaksville, in the Choctaw Nation on June 23, giving him the distinction of being the last Confederate General to surrender to the Federals, some two months after Lee's official surrender.

With the military battles behind him, General Watie devoted the remainder of his life solely to his family. But like most other planters in the region after the War, he suffered economically. Frank Cunningham, in his book *General Stand Watie's Confederate Indians*, writes of Watie's predicament: "Watie was financially distressed and on one occasion didn't have enough money to buy shoes for one of his daughters so that she could attend school."

Unfortunately, lack of post-war prosperity for the Confederate Indians was not the total extent of Watie's woes. Early in 1868, his son, Saladin, died. The very next year, he lost another son, Watica, to pneumonia. Brokenhearted, General Watie kept on fighting to make the best home he could for his wife, Sarah, and his daughters, Minnehaha Josephine ("Ninnie") and Jacqueline. On September 9, 1871, Stand Watie died at his old home place at Honey Creek.

In a life filled with sorrow and violence, with his dreams turned to ash, the old General was never known to speak an unkind word to his wife or children, was never gloomy or abrasive during testing circumstances, and was always a gentleman true to the South. ☆

David Althouse, who is about to complete his undergraduate degrees in political science and history at Oklahoma State University, enjoys studying Oklahoma's Confederate past.

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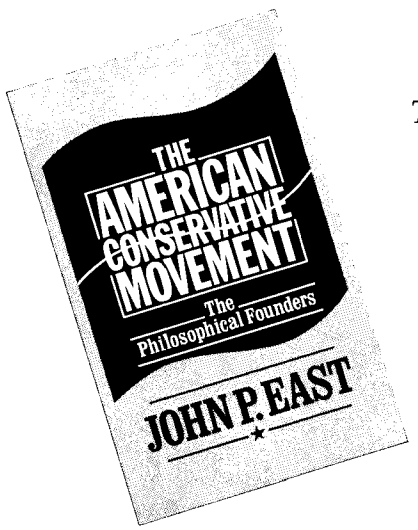

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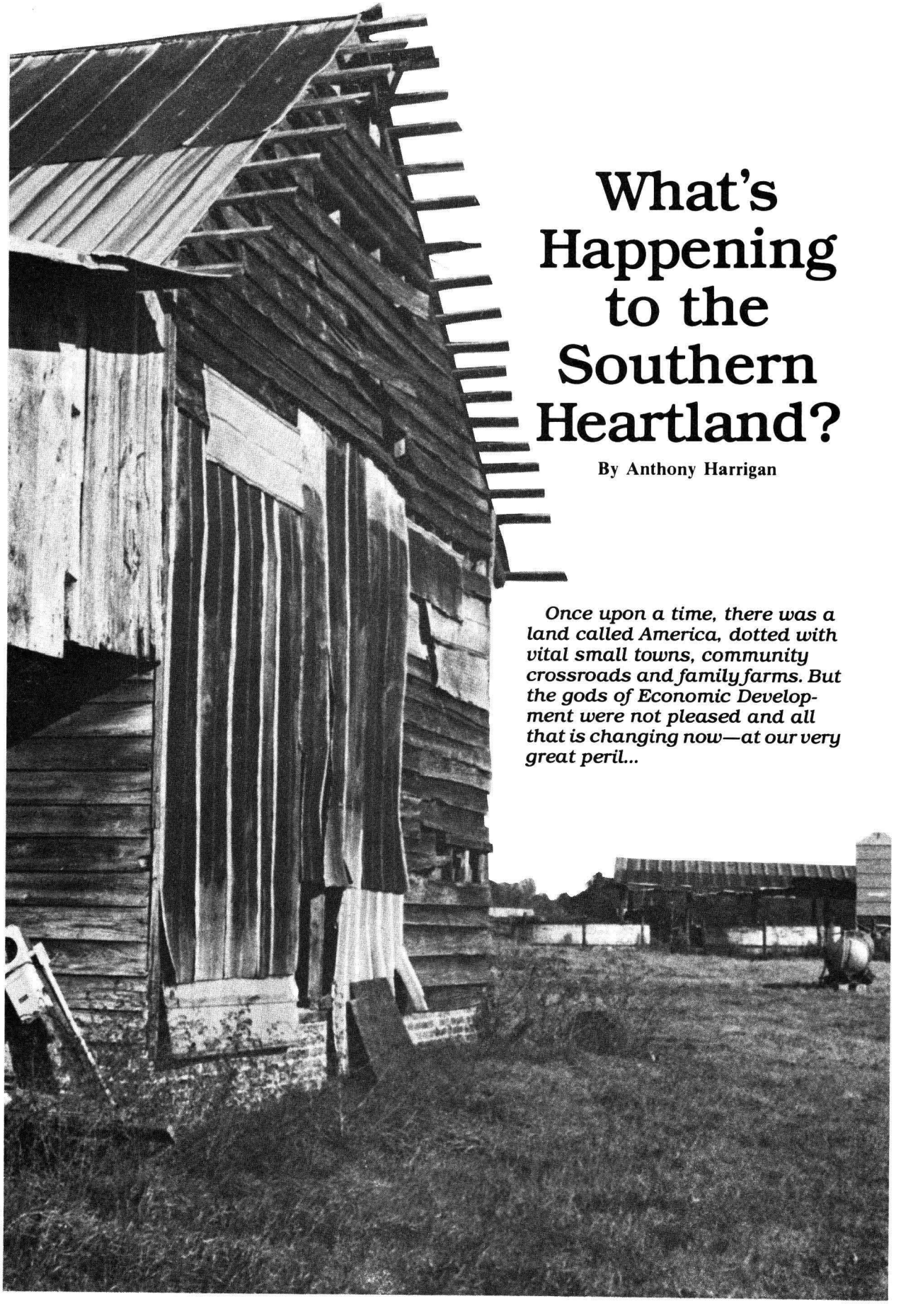


What's Happening to the Southern Heartland?

By Anthony Harrigan

Once upon a time, there was a land called America, dotted with vital small towns, community crossroads and family farms. But the gods of Economic Development were not pleased and all that is changing now—at our very great peril...

With roots in urban America, the libertarian New Class, which staffs so many of today's influential think tanks, is disinclined to view the troubles in rural America as a real crisis. This group tends to view a farm as simply another unit of production that, if inefficient, should wither away without public concern—indeed no more deserving of concern than the closing of an unprofitable convenience store or a failing fastfood outlet.

Traditional conservatives, especially Southern conservatives who have their personal and intellectual roots in America's agrarian past, find the scope and severity of change in rural America to be profoundly alarming and very deserving of public concern. They fear that the winds of economic change that are blowing across rural America will alter the national character. Change has been taking place for some years, of course, and adjustments have been made to it. However, the collapse of world markets for American agricultural products—and the dim likelihood of these being regained any time soon—has accelerated change alarmingly. The visionary planners who promoted the "Green Revolution" succeeded to an extent they and others never imagined. American agricultural assistance to Third World countries has caused their food production to soar. As a result, America has lost major foreign markets, and the country's domestic agricultural economy has been devastated.

The extent of impending change in rural America has been forecast by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment which, this past spring, predicted that by the year 2000 some 50,000 large farms will produce 75 percent of America's food and asserted that half of the nation's 2.2 million farmers will be gone from the land. This is nothing less than a prediction of an implosion in the heartland of America—a violent collapse inward. If this prediction is correct, it means a massive, new flight from the land and the drying up of an untold number of small towns and cities that serve the needs of rural America. It calls into question the future economic viability of the states characterized as farm states, with unknown consequences for political stability in the farming regions of the country.

It's hard to argue with the Office of Technology Assessment as regards the shakeout taking place in the farm states. One can't travel through these states without reading of foreclosures, auctions of farm equipment, the abandonment of farming by longtime farmers, and the failure of banks and other farm-related businesses in towns and cities which traditionally have served farming areas. But one wonders where dispossessed farm people will go in a time when manufacturing areas are wrestling with the problem of displaced industrial workers and the energy states—Lousiana, Oklahoma, Texas and others—face not only massive losses of jobs but crushing deficits running into the billions of dollars. The Congressional Office of Technology Assessment prediction also is one of concentration in agriculture unprecedented in American history. Conservatives, who have developed their political appeal on the basis of urging enlargement of the class of independent businessmen, will find it hard to come to terms with this concentration, especially as it coincides with a new internationalization of American big business that moves offshore a very substantial part of U.S. industrial production. Taking note of this internationalization, Stanley J. Modic, editor of *Industry Week*, has pointed out that U.S. automakers are planning more joint production ventures with Asian and European manufacturers and that "components are increasingly being made offshore." American production facilities, which moved out of the old industrial belt in the 1940s, 50s and 60s and which gave a new measure of prosperity and economic balance to rural areas and small towns and small cities, are now being lost as America exports jobs to foreign countries.

In this connection, one of the most unfortunate developments is the enthusiasm with which many state governors, notably governors of Southern states, have sought to persuade Japanese companies to build so-called "transplants" in their states, as though these plants offered economic salvation for their people who have lost work in textile plants and other labor-intensive factories—many of them located in small towns. The "transplants" represent a new form of economic imperialism. The supposed "American content" of these plants usually consists of labor and transportation. Japanese suppliers accompany the major "transplants," thereby causing additional loss to the economy. The danger in the South is especially acute. The Southern states stand to lose most in the way of American-owned, American-directed plants as their state officials beg for the construction of foreign-owned plants. These officials have learned nothing from the history of the South. The "transplants" provide new pressure to force Americans to accept a global wage.

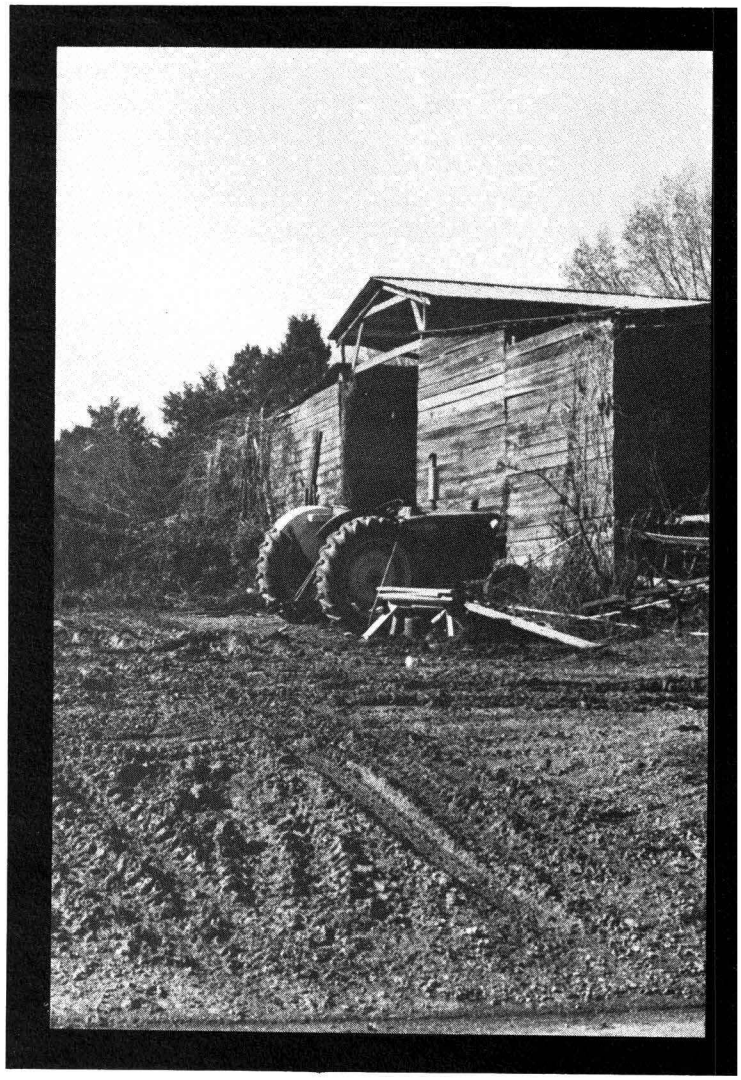
As we ponder these industrial changes and their impact on rural communities and small towns it should be borne in mind that the conservative revival of the past decade placed heavy emphasis upon the importance of the independent small businessman and on the lifestyle associated with rural America—both of which are threatened. In his reelection campaign, President Reagan made use of advertisements that featured a small town-rural American setting. This was the social ideal projected to the American people. "Reagan Country" was supposed to be classic rural America with its belief in hard work, moral virtue and respect for national values. The truth is that rural life and rural themes have an attraction for millions of Americans who live in urban environments. They equate rural life with conservative views of life.

America's love affair with the rural world was explored in sensitive fashion by William Adams, writing in the Winter 1986 issue of *The Georgia Review*. Dr.

One wonders whether traditional American conservatism will survive if hundreds, perhaps thousands, of small communities are turned into ghost towns between now and the year 2000, as the Office of Technology Assessment suggests.

Adams rightly pointed out that rural institutions are "rich with meaning in our collective life and history." Thus a change in American agriculture is much more than an economic change; it is a change in America's cultural values. One wonders whether traditional American conservatism will survive if hundreds, perhaps thousands, of small communities are turned into ghost towns between now and the year 2000, as the Office of Technology Assessment suggests.

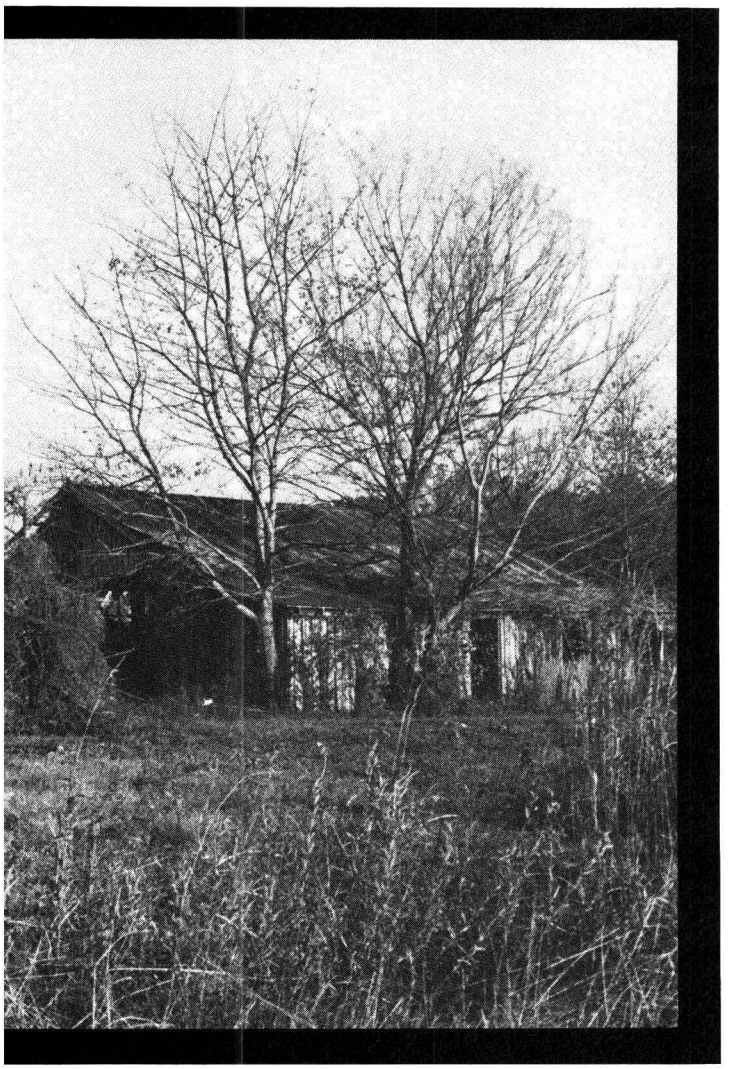
Rural America always has figured large in the shaping of social idealism in the United States. From the beginning, America was seen in Jeffersonian terms as a nation of small farmers. Though the number of farmers, as a percentage of the population, has steadily declined, the ideal hasn't been discarded. Millions of urbanized Americans continue to admire the values associated with living on the land. Conservative intellectuals such as Russell Kirk and M.E. Bradford have stressed the fundamental importance of the value of community, which is derived from a settled way of living. These scholars have repeatedly stressed that the American way of life is threatened not only by the collectivist schemes of the Left but by the impersonality of large bureaucratic organizations in the private sector. American values could not endure under a system of Left collectivism; they also could not endure if the little "platoons" of life were eliminated, if small business were extinguished, and large, corporate bureaucracies came to dominate economic life and social organization. This is a Jeffersonian conviction that endures among Americans who share conservative convictions.



Dr. Bradford, in summing up the views of those who cherish the values of rural America, has written that for agrarians "the measure of any economic or political system was its human product. Goods, services and income are, to this way of thinking, subsidiary to the basic cultural consideration, the overall form of life produced."

What has all this to do with the farm crisis? The answer is that there is much more at stake in the struggle of rural America to survive than mere economics. Dr. Allan C. Carlson, president of the Rockford Institute, commented in 1985 that the "new conservative establishment" as well as the liberal social planners, "is unable to grasp the real situation." He criticized the outlook of libertarians and praised the viewpoint of the social conservatives, saying the latter "see people, not food, as the principal product of agriculture." Like the Southern agrarian writers of a half century ago Dr. Carlson said, "We should look at what farmers have meant as well as what they have produced."

The American people have a cultural stake in rural America and its values. A strong case can be made that



American values could not endure under a system of Left collectivism; they also could not endure if the little "platoons" of life were eliminated, if small business were extinguished, and large, corporate bureaucracies came to dominate economic life and social organization.

they can't afford the concentration to take place or depopulation to empty our farm states. It should be recalled that the American political system is a geographical system, that is, political power is vested in fixed areas—states—on a permanent basis. The Dakotas and Wyoming—for example—despite their limited populations—have the same weight in the U.S. Senate as California or New York. The people of these thinly populated farm and ranching states have a great interest in making sure that public policy is such that their states don't become mere shells. Certainly, the representatives of the farm and ranching states—from North Carolina to Montana—will have their say. Indeed, in his essay, Dr. Adams properly raised the question of "the ends of public policy." Americans always have viewed economic change in terms of larger national goals and purposes, values and ideals. And Congress, as the voice of the people, undoubtedly will ponder whether it wants to let concentration and depopulation take place willy-nilly, without public policy direction.

Public policy with respect to farms and farmers must take into consideration a variety of factors. While much of the world is without sufficient food, and hunger is increasing in a number of Third World countries with socialist-type agricultural systems, the availability of food is taken for granted by urban Americans who aren't mindful of the problems of the farm states but who expect cheap food in abundance. However, the United States must have intelligent farm policies if this abundance is to continue in the future.

The U.S. unquestionably has adopted mistaken and contradictory farm policies over a long period of years. No one seems to look ahead more than a few years. In World War I, for instance, farmers were urged to expand production to the limit. Demand for food and fiber contracted after the war and the farm depression occurred. The Roosevelt administration began the foolish and costly policy of paying farmers not to plant. The Eisenhower administration continued erroneous production controls with the Soil Bank, which became a laughingstock. In the 1970s, farmers again were urged to achieve maximum production for world markets. These markets have now virtually disappeared.

We don't have a settled national policy with regard to farming. Moreover, we don't have a settled national view of the place of farms in our economy and society. Certainly, it's an error to think of farmers deserving of endless largesse; it also is an error to view a farm as an enterprise that's exactly the same as other types of business. A farmer can't get in and out of farming in the manner of a hardware store owner or a restaurant operator. Land has to be cared for over the years; farming

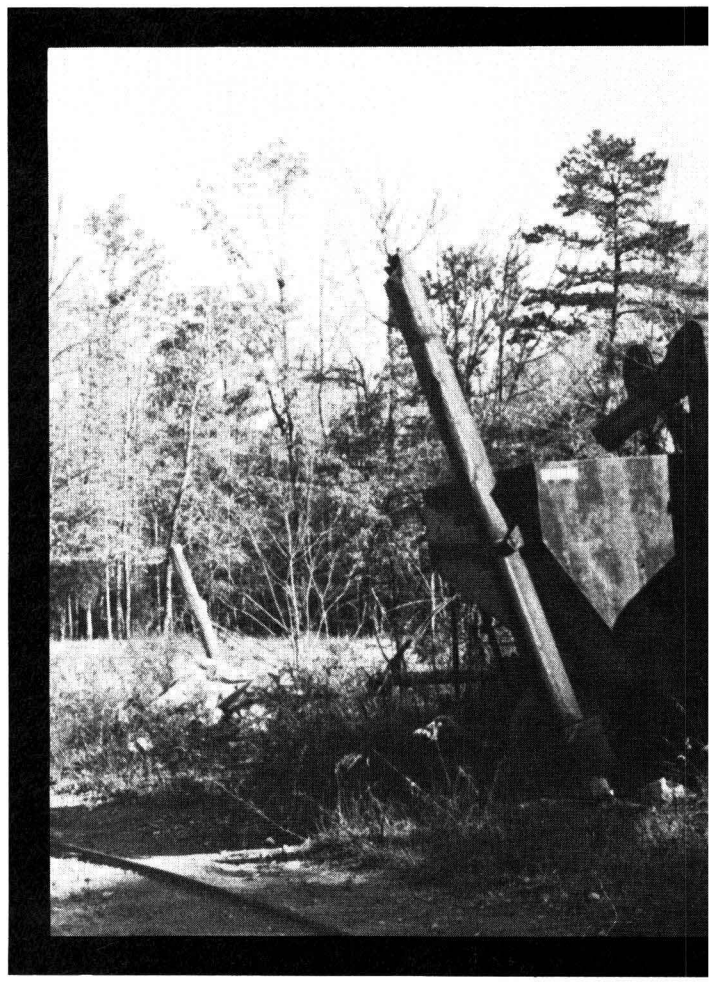
Indeed economics ought not to have primacy in the shaping of the nation's future as economics is, if not value free, then not the embodiment of the full range of American values.

requires long-term planning. Nonfarmers can't be trained overnight to become farmers.

Some of these matters are touched on by Dr. Clyde Wilson of the University of South Carolina, writing in the July issue of *Chronicles of Culture*. He says that there is a "coterie of sophisters and calculators, calling themselves conservatives, who have recently discovered that the production of the staff of life is just another form of corporate enterprise" and that "we must let the 'marginal' farmer go to the wall so that the market can wisely redistribute resources."

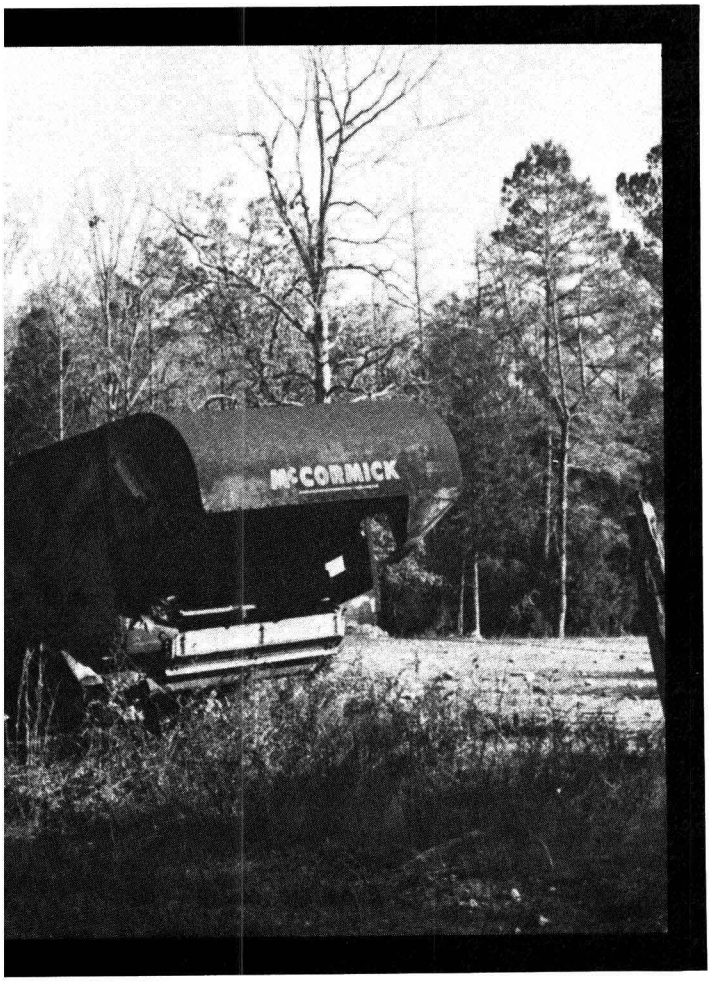
As we weigh public policy choices regarding rural America, it is important to bear in mind that we can make those choices that sustain a particular lifestyle and the values associated with it. There isn't any necessity for the Congress to write farm laws that make certain the concentration and depopulation predicted by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment. The Legislative Branch need not guarantee a self-fulfilling prophecy. Economics need not have primacy over the wishes of the American people and their vision of the good life. Indeed economics ought not to have primacy in the shaping of the nation's future as economics is, if not value free, then not the embodiment of the full range of American values.

This is a point that William R. Hawkins of the South Foundation made in *Human Events*, when he voiced opposition to "an obsession for 'free market' economics to the exclusion of all other considerations." He warned against "heading down the same road as the libertarians...and thus wandering into the same fever swamps." Indeed he warned that the 1982 congressional elections "should have been sufficient warning not to identify conservatism exclusively with the economy," saying that conservatism must stress "values people will see as transcending the material conditions of the moment."



It's impossible to say precisely how these views and concerns would translate into public policies designed to arrest the concentration and depopulation inherent in the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment forecast. However, conservative legislators have been innovative in recent years in dealing with the problems of depressed inner cities, recommending such systems as "enterprise zones." There's no reason to believe that they can't be equally innovative with respect to rural America, if there is a will to assist the threatened regions. Perhaps the most important and immediate assistance could be offered in the form of action to slow or halt the movement of U.S. industry offshore. The plants that are being located in Mexico, just south of the border, are plants that might well, under different circumstances, be located in Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Virginia or Indiana. Certainly, some of the help must come in terms of research into new crops—agricultural innovation. And in several parts of the country, growers already are producing vegetables, fruits and cereals formerly grown only in such faraway places as Japan and New Zealand. New internal markets are being developed for these crops.

This is one of the happiest developments in the farm



states. It offers the best hope of a happy transition to an improved economic situation for many farmers. Diversification is an old word in American agriculture but it is assuming new meaning. The *Washington Post* reports that state agriculture departments in Iowa, Texas, Michigan and North Dakota, among others, are emphasizing new farm diversification plans. The University of Kentucky is urging tobacco farmers to form vegetable grower cooperatives. In some cases, farmers are being urged to replace tobacco with squash or wheat with flowers (flowers are still being imported into U.S. cities). With the nation producing several billion bushels more corn and wheat than it can consume or sell abroad, it's imperative that diversification be attempted.

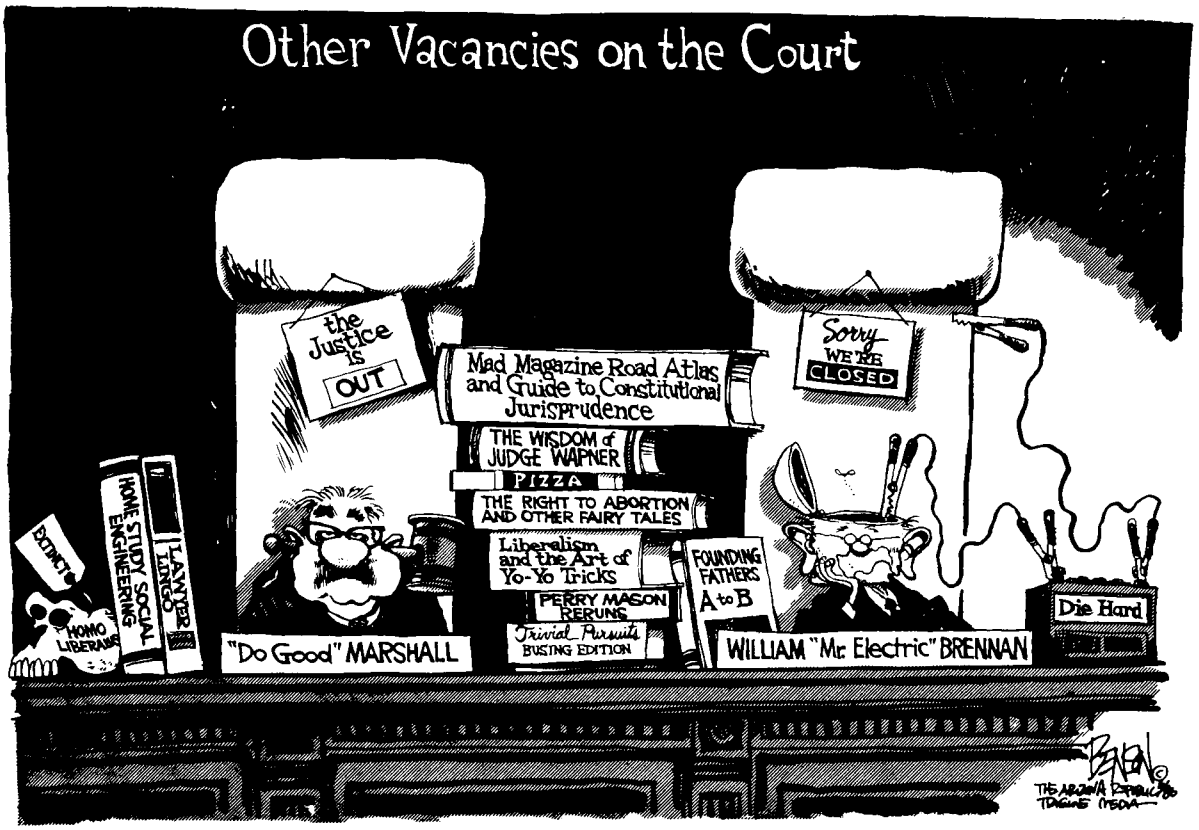
The farm states also have been slow to combine their efforts to obtain a significant share of the high tech research in defense fields, especially SDI (Strategic Defense Initiative) research, that will have an important spin-off for new industries in the future. Much more needs to be done by way of educational and research compacts among the farm states so that they share in the technological innovation taking place. All this is essential to a smooth transition into a more secure economic era.

These are a few of the practical possibilities insofar as revitalizing rural America is concerned. Many more opportunities should occur to citizens concerned about safeguarding the rural regions of the nation and maintaining their quality of life. If one thinks in historical terms, one appreciates the fact that the farm states represent important parts of the American spiritual frontier and citadels of American values. Among the notable human products of the rural environment is President Ronald Reagan, who grew up in a small town that serves the surrounding farms. If this world is to wither away and a substantial part of its population is forced into an internal migration, a portion of the American spirit will be lost. It will mean that large regions will cease to have a meaningful, independent life. And one will be compelled to agree with economist John M. Culbertson that "Ours is a land of shrinking expectations."

For a century people in the farming areas of the South and the West have complained of the concentration of wealth and influence in the Northeast Corridor, which has placed them at a disadvantage.

If there is an economic implosion in the heartland, the worst fears of generations of Americans in these regions will be realized. Indeed we already are witnesses to anger and bitterness in the wake of farm foreclosures and agricultural bank failures, and this undoubtedly would spread and worsen if the farm crisis leads to the massive changes predicted by the Congresssional Office of Technology Assessment. Historically, changes on this scale always have produced severe political unrest. The nation, therefore, has a vital interest in preventing the depopulation from coming to pass in rural America. A measure of change is inevitable in the farming regions but not what amounts to the forced removal of a great part of America's farm population and the undermining of the economic and social structures which serve them. Farming is one of the three fundamental bases of national wealth—the others being manufacturing and mining. For America's rural world to go belly up would not only be an economic but a social, cultural, and political disaster. It must not be allowed to happen. ★

Anthony Harrigan is president of the Educational Foundation of the United States Industrial Council.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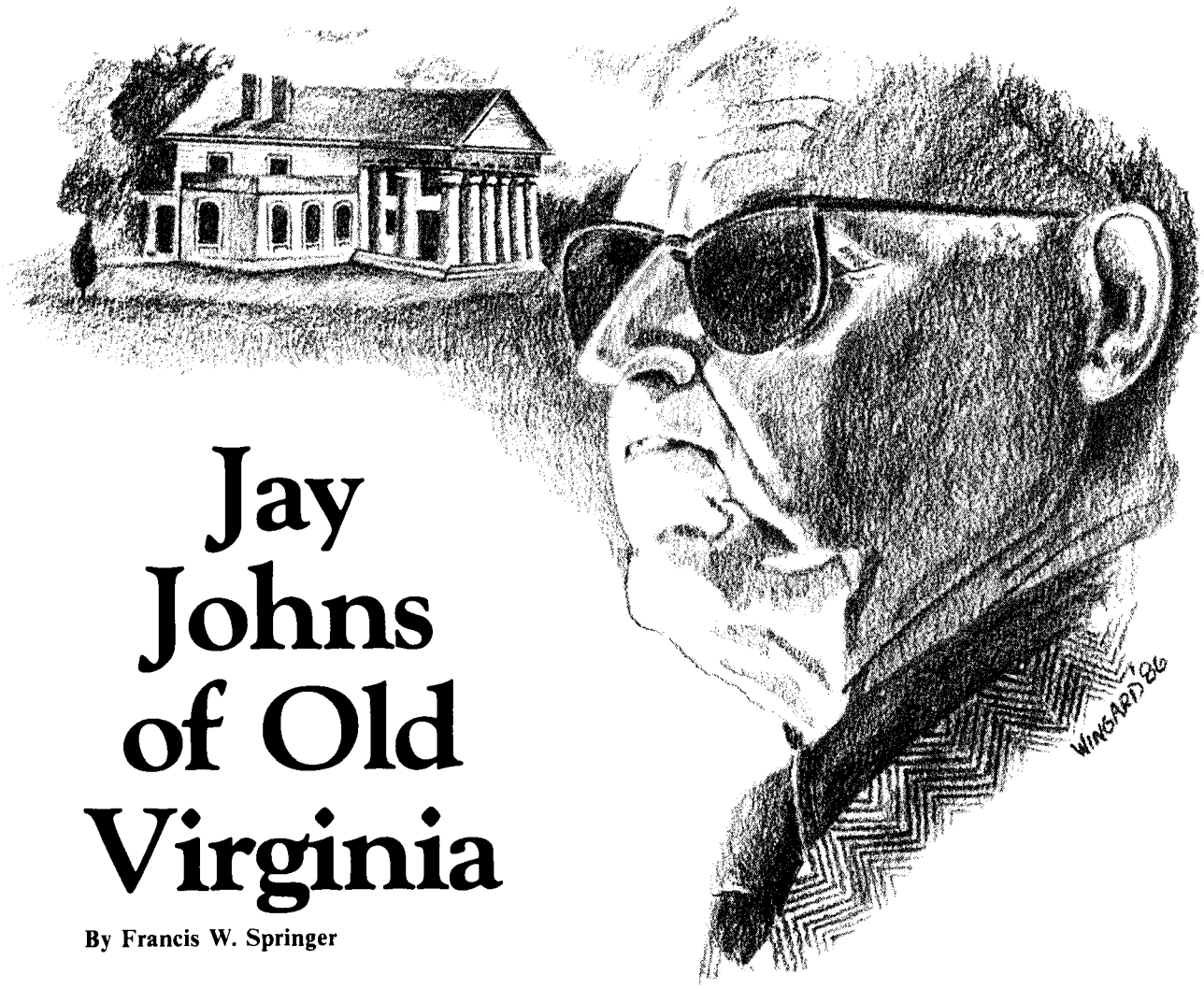
For many years, the only man who cared enough to watch over the historic sites of Old Virginia was a blind Yankee from Pennsylvania. His story is told here by a man who knew him, worked with him and will never forget...



Jay Johns of Old Virginia

By Francis W. Springer

Jay Winston Johns was born in Pennsylvania but he was charmed by the character and genius of Lee and Jackson. With an innate reverence for history, Jay Johns fell in love with Virginia. He became a Virginian himself in the early 1930s, a "naturalized" one, but as loyal as any that ever lived. To him, it was never just Virginia, but *Old* Virginia. "He loves Virginia more than Helen," quipped his wife (Helen); and a friend once said, "What you are doing for Virginia is wonderful, Jay, even though none of your family ever lived here."

"But my father did live here for a time," Jay replied.

"Oh? Where did he live?"

"Libby Prison."

This son of a Yankee soldier did more to keep sacred the memory of Confederate heroes than any other individual of his time. Governor Godwin called him "legendary" and the legislature honored him with a resolution of appreciation for his accomplishments in preserving Virginia history. The College of William and Mary conferred an honorary degree upon him. And he was granted the privilege of burial in the Stonewall Jackson plot of the Lexington Cemetery.

A pet project of his was *Derwent*, the little cottage in the woods that General Lee chose from among the many offers pressed upon him after Appomattox. *Derwent* was a fitting and unique memorial to General Lee, a man who had achieved true humility. Any man can be great framed with marble columns and classic architecture but only Lee could reach the pinnacle of grandeur defeated and in four rooms. His men, you see, who had marched shoeless and hungry with him were returning to ruins and poverty. So he couldn't accept the offers of luxury tendered by his countrymen, by strangers and even by

erstwhile enemies. This is what brought tears to the unseeing eyes of old Jay Johns and inspired him to devote what time and energy he had left, and a substantial part of his fortune, to perpetuating those things that the Old South had meant to Lee.

Jay Johns' first love affair with Virginia was as a student at Virginia Military Institute, but his failing eyesight forced him to drop out. Later, after making his fortune in the coal business, he returned to Virginia and purchased "Ash Lawn," home of James Monroe, which he maintained as a tourist attraction. His eyesight worsened, and on his birthday in 1952 he underwent an operation which he expected would give him the greatest of all presents, sight. Instead, something went wrong and he lost what little sight he had. Little though it was, it was precious, and its loss devastating. "Why me?" he kept asking himself, "why did this have to happen to me?"

At about that time, the Stonewall Jackson Foundation was formed to collect and preserve Jackson memorabilia, and Jay's friends thought it would help to let him toy with it. He couldn't hurt it much. It had no money or property; but to Jay, it opened new vistas and gave his life new purpose. Instead of his blindness being the end, it was a new beginning. He made plans, organized, advertised, solicited money. No friend or acquaintance and few strangers escaped pressure from this far-sighted blind man.

I first met Jay in 1963. My wife saw an ad in her UDC Magazine for contributions to restore *Derwent* so we sent a check. It wasn't much of a check but Jay never let anybody get away that easy. He phoned, invited us to come see him and from then until his death in 1974 we did many volunteer jobs for the Foundation. He then had five historic sites open to the public: the Lexington home, the Winchester headquarters, and three battlefields: Cross Keys, Port Republic and McDowell Village. Somebody had to drive him to these places and we did so many times. *Derwent* was undergoing restoration then too and that required many trips.

There was no sunrise or sunset for Jay. Day and night were the same, both totally dark except that night was quiet and he could think up ideas. It was at night that he conceived the idea of issuing a commission as colonel in the Second Stonewall Brigade to anyone who contributed fifty dollars or more. This neat idea garnered a lot of new supporters and a lot of fifty dollar contributions that otherwise might have been much smaller.

Another nocturnal idea was that each of the thirty-six states in existence at the time of the War Between the States ought to contribute a wreath on Decoration Day to be laid at the foot of Jackson's statue in the Lexington Cemetery, the significance being that Jackson was the greatest single casualty of the war and would symbolize all the casualties of all the states. A cadet from the Virginia Military Institute or Augusta Military School would represent each state at the ceremony which included the solemn entrance and exit of a color guard, a non-controversial speech and taps. For some years it fell to my lot to put the thing together.

One morning, after a night of inspiration, Jay called and my wife answered. As usual, he asked if she was still living with that fellow and if so put him on.

I said, "Hello, Jay, how are you?"

"I'm all right, except I'm too darn sober."

"They've got a cure for that now, you know."

"They have? Come in this afternoon and tell me about it."

Jay drank very sparingly but he liked to have a glass in his hand to wave around and sip from during conversation. He didn't smoke. Blind people seldom do, perhaps because of the fire hazard. With his glass firmly in hand he said, "Francis, there's something you can do for me. I'll pay you for it."

He always said that. I wouldn't have taken his money anyway because it was such a privilege to help in the great work he was doing, but as he never actually tendered any, he never gave me a chance to refuse.

"When we get *Derwent* open, wouldn't it be a fine idea to let the public drink from the same well Lee drank from? Will you see about getting the well there re-activated? Also see if there are any objects of interest at the bottom of the well. People threw things down wells, you know."

Derwent was a hundred miles round trip. I must have made a dozen trips there over several months, and as many discouraging reports. He pooh-poohed them all, though it was obvious from the first that the scheme wouldn't work. I found a man willing to go down the well but he pointed out that he couldn't do anything when he got to the bottom because the diameter was too small to allow him to stoop over. No well digger would bore the well deeper because the vibration would collapse the whole thing. And sanitation officials said that it would be illegal to provide surface water for the public. Jay just couldn't accept the fact that one of his nocturnal inspirations was a flop. Suddenly it came to me how frustrating blindness must be, especially in one so strongly creative. So many ideas have their origin in something observed, often seen by chance. Ordinarily, a new idea can be partially researched in privacy, before its creator becomes emotionally attached to it, and only exposed to the criticism of others after its major problems have been solved. With normal processes denied to him, how he must have prized the ideas born to him in his total darkness, and how he must have nursed them along in his imagination. The death of a brain child must have hit him pretty hard.

Jay had to keep everything in his head, all facts both short-term and long-term. He couldn't make notes as reminders and he couldn't refer to records. When he started talking, he had to carry through to the conclusion

of his thought. Any interruption confused him. His friends were aware of this and, although discussions would often become quite lively, no one ever violated his right to be uninterrupted.

Jay had trouble keeping a paid assistant. The job required a peculiar combination of talents, chief of which was to satisfy his whims. He couldn't look over an assistant's shoulder, direct his efforts, appraise his work, make suggestions or even know what his assistant was doing. It was his own disabilities that irked him rather than those of his assistant. And, of course, he expected his assistant to be as dedicated as he himself was and willing to put his all into the work, disregarding such false values as time and money.

He always asked my advice about important matters but never took it. Of course, he never asked until he had made up his mind, and only wanted to have somebody confirm his own judgment.

Jay's only steady companion was Sally, his very efficient housekeeper and the only person with whom he never seemed to have any differences. She would bring in the mail when she reported in the morning. She couldn't read but she knew the alphabet and would spell out the names of the senders. Jay would then tell her into which of three piles on the floor to put each piece of mail. He would remember them, too, and days later he might say, "Francis, about half way down in the second pile, there's a letter from so-and-so. Read it to me, will you?" Sally used to say, with some pride, "Mr. Johns, you cain't see and I cain't read, but we git along, don't we?"

About 1967, real estate developers came up with plans for erecting six homes on a plot of land at 607 Oronoco Street, Alexandria. Again nobody was watching but the blind guardian of Old Virginia's storied past. A roar from this old lion roused the public to the fact that this was the boyhood home of Robert E. Lee, where he spent his formative years, from age four to age eighteen when he left for West Point. After that, his home was the army.

These were sad years too for young Robert. The move from Stratford, his father's financial collapse and sentence to debtor's prison, and his father's fatal wounding by a vicious mob for defending a friend's right of free speech—these distant memories must have made deep impressions on the boy. The burning of Washington just across the river and the threat to Alexandria by the enemy fleet must also have had their effect on the six year old boy. Most of all, the visit of Lafayette to 607 Oronoco to pay his respects to the widow and family of his former companion in arms, Light Horse Harry Lee, must have made a lifelong impression on young Robert. After the War Between the States, when General Lee was summoned to Washington for questioning, he went out of his way to pass 607 Oronoco and peep over the garden wall "to see if the snowballs were in bloom."

Jay Johns "retired" in 1971 at age eighty-three. He formed the Lee-Jackson Foundation and turned everything over to its trustees, a group of prominent men and women dedicated to the preservation of Virginia's heritage. Shortly, the Lee-Fendall House, opposite No. 607 and full of historic associations, came on the market and Jay urged the Foundation to buy it; but the Foundation had found itself with more properties than it could maintain, so Jay bought it himself.

Today, the Foundation maintains 607 Oronoco as an historic shrine, and also the battlefields of Cross Keys, Port Republic and McDowell Village. The Lee-Fendall Home is maintained as an historic shrine by a separate organization. Jackson's Lexington home, beautifully restored and kept up, is maintained by the City of Lexington, and his Winchester Headquarters belongs to the City of Winchester, where it is an exciting tourist attraction. *Derwent* is privately owned, not open to the public, but maintained as it was when Lee lived there. Its owner, John H. Crute, Jr., is a Virginian who selected *Derwent* as the ideal locale in which to write books about the War Between the States. That is what Lee himself had intended to do there, to let the world know how much the South had accomplished with so little.

Many dreams came to Jay Johns in the perpetual darkness that enveloped him. It was his dreams that kept him going. He tried for some time to purchase the John S. Mosby birthplace. I drove him there several times, but he and the owner couldn't come to terms on the price. (The house was being used for storing tobacco.) He had me look at the ruins of Peter Francisco's home, but it was too far gone for restoration. He hoped some day to interest the owners of property at the battlefields of Kernstown and Brandy Station in preserving those scenes of action but nothing came of his efforts.

His big dream, his dream of dreams, was of a grand memorial in Richmond to Robert E. Lee, surpassing in grandeur any other memorial, housing under its roof all the available material pertaining to Lee, and maintained by the greatest living authority on Lee. When application was made for a zoning variance for the erection of a commercial skyscraper on Franklin Street, Jay urged the Governor to deny it so he could get the project started. He offered, as proof that his dreams would become a reality (I typed the letter for him myself) to advance a half million dollars of his own money. It was a valiant try.

We have a heritage unique among nations. What other country ever had a Robert E. Lee or a Stonewall Jackson? Or a Jay W. Johns to keep their memory green? ☆

Francis Springer, who lived in New York too many years to mention, has retired to Virginia where he spends his time needling newspaper editors with conservative comments that are never published.

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PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Troy Jesse Cauley

During the 1930s a tense marriage of conservative and radical ideas took shape in the work of Troy Jesse Cauley. As a native Southerner and as an economist trained in the institutionalist tradition of Thorstein Veblen, Troy Cauley was well prepared to act as a critic of industrialism. Shortly after the completion of his studies in 1931 Professor Cauley moved to Emory University where he first read the searing criticism of industrial civilization contained in *I'll Take My Stand: The South And The Agrarian Tradition.* He quickly found himself corresponding and meeting with the authors, the Southern Agrarians at Vanderbilt. Professor Cauley contributed several essays and a book to the literature of agrarianism including an essay in the Agrarian-Distributist Symposium *Who Owns America?.* His reflections on the 50th Anniversary of that symposium recently appeared in the pages of the *Southern Partisan.* From his study in his home in Austin, Texas, Professor Cauley recalled his experiences in the agrarian movement.

PARTISAN: Tell us, please, about your upbringing and about your education at the universities.

CAULEY: I was born on a small cotton farm in Comanche County, Texas, at a time when small cotton farming, as distinct from plantation-type cotton farming, was prevalent in that part of the country.

There is in Comanche County a strip of what is called the West Cross Timbers, a sandy land, and it's well adapted to subsistence farming—or it was at that time. Since then, there has been serious soil erosion both from water and wind and virtually all of the timber has been cleared. But in the early 1900s it was possible for settlers who had come there from the Old South to choose essentially the same type of farming that they had engaged in when they were still in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi or Louisiana.

There was timber. There was sandy soil with a good deal of humus in it, to begin with, just after it was cleared. So it was quite feasible for those farm families to have their own fuel by cutting wood; to have their food by having large vegetable gardens. They grew cotton as their cash crop but they had corn for the mules and roasting ears for themselves and hominy for grits, and all that sort of thing.

They had a few cows, and a few hogs and lots of chickens. They had very little need for cash insofar as maintaining an ample food supply, and although their houses were quite modest, not to say poor by present-day standards, they were able to achieve a very considerable degree of comfort. They probably didn't have, in most cases, a cash income of more than $1,000 a year, but of course in those times, $1,000 was a great deal more money than it is now.

They had to buy comparatively few things. They bought sugar, spices, coffee, and occasionally an exotic foodstuff—something that couldn't be grown there. But in the main, they had their own food supply and some of the women still spun and wove cotton cloth. That was disappearing, but I can remember spinning wheels. They had a high degree of economic independence under the circumstances. Obviously, they also had a low material standard of living compared to today. But they were never cold or wet, or hungry, or anything of that sort. I would concede that there was a shortage of medical care, certainly by present-day standards. Of course, nobody had medical care at that time comparable to what we have now. That is perhaps a basic weakness of the agrarian concept.

But they had a strong community spirit, genuine community ties, good neighbors. People helped each other, and that pattern of living somehow made an extremely strong impression on me. Years later, I continued to have a strong interest in the maintenance or continuation of that pattern of living, although I must concede that it was disappearing rather rapidly even in the first and second decades of this century. So when the symposium *I'll Take My Stand* by the Twelve Southerners, most of whom were at Vanderbilt University or thereabout, appeared in the early 1930s I read it with great approval and was immediately enthusiastic toward establishing a connection with the movement.

PARTISAN: And when *I'll Take My Stand* came out, you were...

CAULEY: I was at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. I was greatly impressed by the book. I got into correspondence with a number of the twelve authors of that symposium. We had few formal meetings in Nashville and Atlanta and we had any number of informal meetings and they essentially agreed with what I had said in my little book *Agrarianism: A Program For Farmers.* Incidentally, the subtitle, *Program For Farmers,* was added to the title at the urging of the editors of the University of North Carolina Press where it was published.

PARTISAN: You finished your schooling at the University of Texas and Wisconsin.

CAULEY: Then I went to the University of Vermont. I was just taking the place of one of their men who had gone down to Yale. I was at Vermont a summer and a long session and another summer. Then I got a job at Emory University at Atlanta, Georgia and went down there, and it's while I was at Emory that I got involved in the Agrarian Movement. My experience in Vermont gave me an insight into a pattern of the agricultural-rural economy and society which was, in some respects, quite different from what I had known in Texas. But there were some very important similarities too. Dairy farming was the chief—almost the sole—type of farming in Vermont at that time, but those dairy farmers and their families had a great deal in common with the cotton farmers that I had known in Texas. They were independent, self-reliant.

PARTISAN: Can you tell us, in as much detail as you can remember, after you read *I'll Take My Stand* whom you contacted, and how, and where the meetings took place?

CAULEY: My review of that would be pretty sketchy, I'm afraid. I believe the first member of the group with whom I corresponded was Donald Davidson. He, I would say, was the leader of the group so far as public relations were concerned at any rate. As I recall, if anybody came to Vanderbilt asking about agrarianism, they sent him to Donald Davidson. He was quite articulate and wrote well and probably kept more records on the activities of the group than any other person.

PARTISAN: So you met with Davidson and one other person?

CAULEY: Yes. The other was James Muir Waller. We met in Atlanta to talk about the very severe prob-

lems of the rural South at that time. There were representatives of many points of view there. Couch from North Carolina and Odum and Vance were there and the head of the textile workers' union was there and a number of journalists, of course, were there. There was an editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, which was a separate newspaper at that time. It has since been merged with the *Atlanta Journal.* He was the son of the author of the Uncle Remus stories. This man was the son of Joel Chandler Harris. He was the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* for many years.

PARTISAN: Would that have been the conference that produced the second agrarian book, *Who Owns America?*

CAULEY: No, that came later. Allen Tate, one of the twelve authors of *I'll Take My Stand,* was the chief promoter of the second symposium. Herbert Agar was more nearly the businessman. He made the arrangements for the publication. John Crowe Ransom, I think, was the oustanding intellect in the group. I had very great respect for him and he used some of my writings in an anthology that he got together for use in freshman English courses which I appreciated very much. I felt honored by their inclusion at any rate.

Donald Davidson continued to be the chief literary representative of the Nashville group. Robert Penn Warren was a dashing young man at the time, quite vocal, quite articulate, and his interests were more in the folk aspects of Southern agriculture rather than the economic aspects. Cleanth Brooks had come into the movement and I believe he was at Louisiana State University at the time. He was likewise interested largely in the literary aspects rather than economic. He continued at LSU for many years as I recall, and although technically he was a good Methodist he was not the Bible-pounding Methodist by any means, but a very cogent literary critic in my judgment. Frank Owsley was primarily a historian and also a student of government. He had a leadership position in the movement, I would say. The younger men mostly sat and listened, I among them, at these meetings. I'm not sure just how Herbert Agar got involved with the Agrarian group, but he was a very able man. Incidentally, I ran into him in London during the Second World War. I was Assistant Military Attaché at our embassy in London and he was in the Navy. He had some job at the embassy and we saw each other fairly frequently.

PARTISAN: You were both still interested in Agrarian-Distributism at the time?

CAULEY: Yes, I don't think any of his group has ever given up their basic positions. Of course, we concede the impossibility of actually returning to a predominantly agrarian economy and society in this country. But I don't think there has been any loss of faith in the merits of the system.

I mentioned awhile ago that the relative absence of adequate medical care for an agrarian people was one great weakness. Another is the impossibility of carrying on a successful war against highly industrialized nations by a nation with an agrarian economy. So for all practical purposes, I think our efforts at inducing people to return to an agrarian economy and society stopped with Pearl Harbor. There was no feasibility in advancing a program of that sort.

PARTISAN: Donald Davidson in his review of your book, published in April of 1935 in the *American Review,* called you "The First Agrarian Economist"...

CAULEY: Well, I think I was the first and only.

PARTISAN: Your article in the *American Review,* October 1935, "The Integration of Agrarian and Exchange Economies," emphasizes the traditional Southerners' interpretation of 19th century American history, that is, conflict between North and South on the tariff issue and, of course, slavery having some role in that. Would you say essentially that your interpretation—your view of Southern history—is the same now as then?

CAULEY: I think so. I don't believe I've made any material changes—any significant changes—in my view of the matter. I have been greatly influenced in my views concerning the possible integration of an agrarian economy with an exchange economy by the writings of Hilaire Belloc. We did have in those years fairly extensive correspondence. I admire his writing very much.

PARTISAN: When you were at Emory during 1934, in the bulletin of Emory University, there was a published debate between you and Fred Wenn. He was at Georgia Tech.

CAULEY: That has a completely deceptive aspect to it. A man in the government department at Emory was cooking up a conference. He wanted a debate on the gold standard and he asked me to find somebody to defend the gold standard. It had to be somebody from around Atlanta because he didn't have enough money to bring anybody in. So I rustled around there trying to find somebody who would defend the gold standard in debate with me and I couldn't find anybody. Georgia Tech didn't have much in the way of an economics department at that time. I couldn't find anybody and this man who was in charge of the thing said, "Well, we've got to have it, why don't you do it?" So with tongue in cheek, I undertook to defend the gold standard. But it was all make-believe. I don't think that the gold standard is absolutely evil by any means. A good debater is supposedly able to take either side of the question and bring out whatever he can. No. I didn't favor those things. I was not a real proponent of the gold standard. But many people said I won the debate.

PARTISAN: You know of course Milton Friedman argued years later that the worst effects of the depres-

sion were brought about by the collapse of the money supply which he says was attributable to the Fed's failure to prevent banking collapse. Do you agree?

CAULEY: I think that the Fed might have done more to prevent bank failures, but the Fed used the classic instrument, that of lowering the rediscount rate. And you may very well know yourself, at one time in the late depression era the rediscount rate was down to 1/8 of 1 percent. You couldn't do anything more in the way of standard monetary policy than to encourage borrowing by member banks and in turn lending to business firms. That did not induce member banks to borrow heavily from the Fed. The member banks at the time were concerned with liquidity. That's why they didn't borrow from the Federal Reserve Bank and they didn't lend in any particular volume.

Many borrowers in those times were financially so distressed that they were willing to borrow from anybody at any price. But the banks didn't want to lend to them because they had poor ability to repay, in many cases no semblance of ability to repay bank loans regardless of the terms on which they might have been offered.

I think monetary policy is simply incapable of relieving a major depression. It might have done more to prevent the crash than it did. It could have clamped down on loans for gambling on the stock market back in the roaring 20s, but I don't think monetary policy possesses the ability, the capacity to relieve a major depression.

PARTISAN: During the 1920s were you aware of this monetary policy at the time and opposed to it?

CAULEY: I was, as a matter of fact, yes. There was a man in the economics department here at the University of Texas—Edward Everette Hale. He was chairman of the department there for many years. He forecast the stock market crash almost to the day and the hour two or three years in advance and made quite cogent analyses of the contribution which the Fed was making to stock market inflation.

PARTISAN: What did you know then of both Keynes and the Austrian economists, such as Hayek and Mises?

CAULEY: Not too very much. I don't think Keynes came into the general knowledge of professional economists in this country until after the publication of his *General Theory*, which I believe was in 1936. The classic Austrian economists we studied in the history of economic thought, but I don't think we were influenced by any of the current Austrian economists to any significant degree.

PARTISAN: And, of course, Hayek was then and afterwards very critical of Fed policy.

CAULEY: I think that they made some blunders, but the Fed simply was not capable of lifting the economy up out of the depression once it happened.

PARTISAN: What sort of impact did reading Keynes' *General Theory* have on you?

CAULEY: I was a convert at a very early stage. I should say that Keynes is, by all means, the most influential writer of that period. Incidentally, this is off the main point, I was, as I think I mentioned earlier, Assistant Military Attaché at our embassy in London during the Second World War when Lord Keynes was negotiating the various loans which our government made to the British government. He was around the embassy a great deal during that time and I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance personally. He was a very pleasant man.

PARTISAN: Do you happen to be familiar with the kind of reinterpretation of Keynes that was done in the 60s?

CAULEY: I have read most of that. I agree Keynes had some weaknesses which we were not entirely aware of in the earlier years of his predominance, but I think that the essence of Keynesian economics is sound still.

PARTISAN: In your article "The Discipline of Price" in the *North American Review*, February 1933, and also your contribution to *Who Owns America?*, "The Illusion of the Leisure State," you come down pretty strongly against any sort of communist or fascist economic arrangements. You also make elsewhere some criticisms of Roosevelt and the New Deal. Have you changed your thinking about the New Deal?

CAULEY: The evolution of my thought concerning the New Deal was pretty much along these lines: I regretted the need for the New Deal. In an agrarian economy, nothing in the way of the New Deal would ever have been needed. I was forced to concede the need for the essential components of the New Deal under existing conditions. I think once we launch into a program of industrial and commercial capitalism, a high degree of control is inescapable. Controlled capitalism is at least better than the robber-baron version of capitalism. So, given the material circumstances we had in 1933, I think that much of the New Deal legislation was inevitable.

PARTISAN: Is there anything about the New Deal that you objected to at the time or object to now?

CAULEY: I was distressed particularly by the inconsistency of the New Deal program with respect to agriculture. On the one hand, the New Deal made titanic efforts to revive the moneymaking capabilities of farmers, and, at the same time, some of the New Deal programs were quite definitely designed to get people out of agriculture. There was never any basic consistency in the approach of the New Deal to the problems of agriculture.

The government in 1933-1936 paid some farmers to plow under crops, to kill little pigs, kill beef cattle, by way of reducing the supply of farm products with the

view to raising their market prices. At the same time, it was making loans on extremely poor collateral or none at all to farmers to keep them in production. And the whole time, of course, it was continuing its basic pre-war policy of promoting increased "efficiency" in the production of farm products. So it was a tangle, with some portions of the New Deal pushing in one direction, some in another, others in still other directions with respect to agriculture.

PARTISAN: You have made certain positive comments about minimum-wage legislation. Of the New Deal policies which have been retained to date, are there any that you object to?

CAULEY: I think the escalation of minimum wage has been of very doubtful benefit to the lower levels of people in our economy. I think quite probably such minority groups as young blacks, young Hispanics, have been unable to get jobs at the minimum wage. They might well have gotten jobs at a lower wage, with on-the-job training to help them go up the skill ladder. I think the minimum wage has been misused in that respect.

The labor unions have, of course, bitterly opposed any reduction of minimum wages or any major exceptions for the minimum wage. The minimum wage has improved the positions of some groups of workers who had little or no actual bargaining power in the labor market but it has also, I think, kept a lot of unfortunate people out of the labor market.

PARTISAN: Please comment on the work of Seaman Knapp?

CAULEY: Oh yes, he was one of the founding fathers of the Agricultural Extension Service. The basic purpose of the extension service, the agricultural experiment station, and all that mechanism, was to increase physical output of agriculture with little or no concern with the market for such products. Their original motto, and so far as I know they have kept it down to the present time, "Make two blades of grass grow where one grew before." Now as to what a farmer operating in the market is going to do with that extra blade of grass—what he can sell it for—is a matter with which they've apparently never been particularly concerned.

PARTISAN: How would you distinguish Knapp and his movement from the ideas of Jefferson and John Taylor and Edmund Ruffin, who also engaged in agricultural experimentation?

CAULEY: In an agrarian economy, increased physical productivity, increased physical output, can be highly beneficial. That is, if it consists of things which the farm family itself can use or can barter with neighbors or people relatively close by for other increased output. That is to say, physical abundance within an agrarian economy could be a great blessing, but increased physical output in a commercialized-industrialized agriculture typically means extremely low prices and thus a very adverse effect on the income of individual farmers.

PARTISAN: A great deal of work has been done in the last twenty years on classical republicanism and its influence on American political thought, including Jefferson and the other Virginians and what they did after Hamilton had his way. One of the concerns is with international markets for Americans. A historian of economic thought, Joyce Appleby, suggests that this concern was really an attempt to get markets to generate a capitalist expansion of agriculture in the United States. Others argue that it was not that so much as it was a desire to expand a way of life.

CAULEY: No, I think it was to get money. In the ante-bellum years, most of the political leaders wanted the South to produce cotton and tobacco and to sell them to Britain and other European countries to get money so we could build railroads and factories and all that sort of thing. And that's pretty much the way it happened. The United States had a so-called favorable balance of trade for many decades, primarily with the exports of cotton and tobacco from the South.

PARTISAN: Do you favor price supports in farm policy?

CAULEY: To some degree, yes. Farmers in this country have come to be essentially manufacturers, but they lack the ability to control physical output largely because of such natural forces as the weather, insects, pests, droughts, floods, and what not. Due to their inability—at least partly due to their inability—to control output, they cannot influence market prices in a direction which is beneficial to them.

Still there is a very great public interest. If we stop there, the advice to give farmers is to get out of farming. But there is still this overpowering public interest in a continuing abundance of food and fiber. Price supports constitute a legitimate, although obviously imperfect, instrument for doing that.

Under the existing system, the chief argument in favor of price supports for agriculture is that they may be very essential to giving farmers sufficient purchasing power to buy the very costly capital equipment which modern technology has prescribed for agriculture.

After all, farmers in recent years have not had sufficient purchasing power to buy the output of the farm machine industry. That can be just as crippling to an industrial economy as failure of the automobile industry.

PARTISAN: What you object to then is essentially the abruptness with which sometimes the price mechanism generates change.

CAULEY: Yes. When net farm income goes down, the damage is not confined to the farmers who've lost income. It reverberates through the whole system, Ferguson and a number of other manufacturers of

farm machinery and manufacturers of fertilizers, and so on.

PARTISAN: Have you seen in recent years much opportunity to use agrarian ideas to influence policy?

CAULEY: No, I have not. We were defeated. Utterly.

PARTISAN: The greatest influence of agrarian thought has been on conservatives.

CAULEY: Yes. I'm sure that's true. Back in the 1930s when we were highly active, some of our opponents badgered us as "radicals of the right."

PARTISAN: The agrarian writers have been defended and studied much more closely in the last few years by political conservatives and cultural conservatives who have a fairly high degree of confidence in the price system yet who recognize that the price system and all that goes with it do not necessarily generate the kind of society which can maintain itself over the long haul.

CAULEY: The price system serves as a guide, it gives signals. In some degree it's a device for rewarding past performance, but an even more important function from the standpoint of the general welfare is that it gives signals or directions as to future economic behavior. Which, of course, assumes that the people who receive those prices are capable of following the directions.

A cotton crop which sells at five cents a pound, as it did in 1932, is a signal that farmers should produce less cotton, which assumes that they are in a position to do something else with their land and capital equipment and skills and abilities, which in most cases was not true at all. And as a matter of fact, in the following year, although there was a material reduction in cotton acreage, the total output of cotton actually increased because there were ideal growing conditions in 1933.

Very high prices for cotton, on the other hand, presumably signal to farmers that they should produce more cotton. So, they do so, or try to. But even if they succeed in producing more cotton in response to that high price, the extreme inelasticity of demand for cotton will reduce the price to such a degree that they're worse off producing a big crop than they would have been if they had produced a small one. So the price system is by no means a perfect device for rewarding past economic performance in agriculture, and it's certainly not a perfect guide for future economic performance.

PARTISAN: How about the problem of maintaining a free society?

CAULEY: Of course freedom is a relative matter. I don't think there is any possibility of a high degree of economic freedom in a society in which the agents of production, the means of production, are as complex, as costly, as capable of disjointing things as they have come to be. So long as we insist upon the alleged benefits of high physical productivity made possible by an extremely complex technology, part of the price of that is a relatively high degree of intervention on the part of government in the total process. You can't have both.

An agrarian handicrafts economy would certainly greatly reduce physical output. It would, however, I think, give to the participants a much greater degree of freedom. Conversely, our present highly complex technology with huge units of capital equipment which are very costly has the alleged merit of huge physical output, but it won't work without a high degree of public control.

PARTISAN: What did you think of the work of Marquis Childs in the 1930 s and the issue of Sweden and the middle way?

CAULEY: Well, I was favorably inclined toward that point of view. I thought it was certainly better than Hooverism. I think it had a great deal of merit. It has probably been pushed too far in the Scandinavian countries, and when I say too far, I mean as measured by the degree of inflation which has resulted. The cost of living in Sweden is among the highest in the world you know.

PARTISAN: What would be the first principle to which you would adhere in devising new economic policies?

CAULEY: I try to define the general welfare. I think that the general welfare at least involves this: a situation in which the mass of the people have sufficient food, clothing, shelter, and medical care to maintain health, vigor, and a normal length of life. That is the great goal of economic policy, but there is enormous room for honest difference of opinion as to how best to achieve such a goal.

PARTISAN: Can we have policies that will strengthen the spirit of the people and their moral character?

CAULEY: I think, by and large, the maintenance of these material conditions, which I specified, will contribute toward improved moral, ethical behavior. It won't guarantee such things, but I think in the balance it will make a major contribution toward that end. By all means, there will be a broader range for individual choices under those conditions than otherwise.

PARTISAN: Do you see any reason to believe that we might still gain some decentralization, with ownership of small property and a simplification of economic life?

CAULEY: I'm by no means optimistic as to the success of such efforts. Most of the people in this country still believe that if some is good, more is bound to be better. And as long as that attitude prevails, there's not much chance of success for any program looking toward simplification. ☆

Troy Cauley was interviewed for us by Professor Andrew Foshee of McNeese State University of Lake Charles, Louisiana.

RESTORATION SERIES

By M.E. Bradford

The "Gamecock" of South Carolina

Thomas Sumter (August 14, 1734-June 1, 1832), soldier, planter, frontiersman, land developer and political voice of rural South Carolina during and after the American Revolution. Antifederalist and Old Republican of the variety of John Taylor of Caroline, Nathaniel Macon and John Randolph of Roanoke. Hero of the partisan resistance to British rule of his state during the two years following the May 12, 1780, fall of Charleston to the siege of Sir Henry Clinton. Already part of a myth when elected by his neighbors in High Hills of the Santee to oppose the Constitution being recommended by the "great men" of the Low Country. Speaking for the farmers who had followed him in war when he shouted "No!" in registering his vote against ratification. A small, energetic and fearless warrior, careful of his honor in every circumstance and always ready to put it to the test. Like any fiery spirit, never without enemies, but known affectionately as "the Gamecock" by the state troops under his command. After the state's isolation in 1780, always of the opinion that South Carolina would have to guarantee its own independence and survival. The kind of general officer who is found always in the forefront, who relished the idea of a price on his head. To the day of his death at the age of 98, a man on horseback: a figure of reference in many of the great events of his time and a living legend in his old age. Born on the frontier near Charlottesville, Virginia, in Hanover County. Son of William Sumter (probably a redemptioner), a Welshman and a miller for that neighborhood settled along Freddy's Creek, and of Patience Sumter, whose parents are not known. Educated in the common schools of that community. After herding sheep and working in his father's mill, a volunteer in the Virginia militia, serving first under Braddock (1756) and then under Colonel William Byrd in Forbes' expedition (1758). In the fall of 1761 enlisted as sergeant in an expedition against the Cherokees.

Thomas Sumter in his encounters with the Indian nations enters the pages of recorded history. He had probably been present at the fall of Fort Duquesne and in the campaign across the Ohio River and had learned something of the red man during this early service. In any case, he was chosen to accompany Lieutenant Henry Timberlake to treat with the Over Hill Cherokees after they sought peace rather than face, from Byrd's troops, more of what they had just received at the hands of Colonel James Grant and his mixed force of regulars and South Carolina militia. The embassy was a great adventure for the young Virginian as he suffered the hardships of the wilderness, hunted to survive, swam rivers, visited Echota and other Cherokee towns and competed with the braves in their own games and contests. Finally, with a peace concluded, several of the Cherokee chiefs accompanied their diplomatic visitors to Williamsburg. There the Indians asked that their new white friends come with them as companions and interpreters on a voyage to England, for an interview between Chiefs Ostenaco, Conne Shote and Wooc and "the King their father." Lieutenant Governor Fauquier agreed, and Thomas Sumter was soon on his way to England.

The combined party arrived at Plymouth on June 16, 1762, and continued in England (where they made a sensation) for over three months. Twice they met with the youthful George III. The principal interpreter attached to the expedition had died, but Sumter (with only a little stuttering) facilitated a polite conversation of prince and heathen potentates. The English monarch was pleased, as were his aboriginal subjects. The entire party of North Americans was lionized throughout the town, and Sumter acquired invaluable experience of the world. On his return to the colonies October 28, 1762, the Virginia sergeant escorted his Indian charges to their homes, captured a French spy, made a full report to Governor Thomas Boone and his Council and only then returned to Preddy's Creek. There he was harassed and abused over old debts contracted before his peace mission to the Cherokees. He was imprisoned but managed to escape with the help of old comrades. Under these circumstances Thomas Sumter migrated to South Carolina, where he had seen open land that he liked, and where 700 pounds from Lord Egremont and a grateful sovereign awaited his arrival.

In his early South Carolina years Thomas Sumter purchased land near Eutaw Springs, opened a store, ran a ferry, traded and married into the local gentry. He operated Mary Sumter's plantation, his own at St. John's, a sawmill, a grist mill and a new and larger store on Great Savannah. There is also some evidence that he had a part in the Regulator movement which demanded representation for the Up Country in the South Carolina Commons House Assembly. In these years he also began to resent "usurped power, and unconstitutional abuses of power" by the representatives of his erstwhile patron, George III. In 1773 Sumter was appointed Justice of the Peace and served on the local Grand Jury for the Camden District. In 1774 speculation and theft by a clerk in his employ brought him close to bankruptcy and another relocation, but his creditors persuaded him to stay where he was established. And his neighbors, also troubled by economic circumstances, sent him as their representative in the First Provincial Congress, which met in Charleston January 11, 1775.

For the District Eastward of Wateree River he was reelected to the Second Provincial Congress (1775-1776) and then elected to the First (1776), Second (1776-1778) and Third (1779-1780) General Assemblies. In these legislative contexts he said little, but soon earned the respect of the state's leading men, who entrusted him with major military responsibilities. In these martial offices he spoke eloquently in the language which he best understood—that of deeds and actions. First Sumter helped to enforce the Articles of Continental Association in a region where many "disaffected" persons resided. As elected captain of the local militia, he functioned as adjutant general to Colonel Richard Richardson in the December, 1775 Snow Campaign against Loyalists who had organized a force in the Up Country. In February of 1776 he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Second South Carolina regiment of riflemen—later the Sixth Regiment of the Continental Line. Sumter's command fought at Fort Moultrie (June 28, 1776), in the Cherokee uprising (July-October, 1776) and in various Georgia campaigns (1777-1778). But as their colonel he grew restive under the strain of indecisive conflicts, long and fruitless marches, and confusion in his business affairs brought on by long absence from home. The war in the South had become a relatively placid business. Therefore, Sumter resigned his commission as of September 19, 1778, and returned to the High Hills of the Santee.

Thomas Sumter was surprised when Charleston was surrendered to Clinton's besieging host by General Benjamin Lincoln. But he was not about to surrender himself. Neither did he find the prospect of guerilla warfare, with everything at stake, in any way tedious or uninteresting. Therefore, when Tarleton's patrols approached his home he put back on his uniform, fled to North Carolina, and began to raise men among the frontier folk and old soldiers whose homes were being burned and property stolen along with his own. These men elected him their general and on October 6, 1780, his commission as brigadier-in-command was made official. But by that time he was already in the field with a price of 500 guineas on his head. Sumter smote the King's men at Hanging Rock, Fishdam Ford, and Blackstock's Hill, where he was severely wounded. At Fishing Creek he was caught unprepared, but escaped into the wilderness with most of his force. Soon his regiments were once more up to strength and deployed to ambush supply and relief columns, to attack isolated forts, discourage Tory recruiting

As a soldier the "Gamecock" fought always for victory, no matter the danger or the cost in blood. Yet he asked no more of his men than he demanded of himself.

and scout the enemy for General Nathanael Greene's regulars. Eventually Sumter settled much of his brigade on the South Carolina establishment, promising to pay them for ten-month terms with slaves and plunder confiscated from obdurate Loyalists. Yet in order to have the effect he intended to achieve, he kept his command separate from other American units, even after the British abandoned all of their rural outposts and retired within the defenses of Charleston. Governor Rutledge called for the election of a new legislature and Sumter was chosen for a place in it. After this election and the dismounting of most of the militia, in February of 1782 Sumter resigned once more, this time ending his military career. As a soldier the "Gamecock" fought always for victory, no matter the danger or the cost in blood. Yet he asked no more of his men than he demanded of himself. And though proud and sensitive concerning his achievements under arms and often caught up in disputes with Rutledge, Greene or Francis Marion, he was a completely heroic figure for those who fought with him. The British in offering a reward to his killer implied their awareness of who it was that prevented the subjugation of the South. As a partisan leader he defines much of the meaning of the Revolution for his section of the country. Rightfully, Light Horse Harry Lee compared him to Homer's Ajax.

Thomas Sumter sat as senator for the District Eastward of Wateree River in the Jacksonboro Assembly which restored regular state government. In the Fifth General Assembly (1783-1784) he returned to his accustomed place in the House. These sessions of the legislature vindicated Sumter's policy in offering slaves and booty as salary. They authorized Sumter to settle accounts with his own men, and provided him with the means he needed to close the books. Moreover, they forbade state courts from entertaining suits for recovery of property applied to the course of these obligations made under "Sumter's Law." Finally, they voted the high-spirited little general a gold medal to honor his record in the field—thus reinforcing the commendation he had earlier received (1781) from the Continental Congress. Sumter continued to hold his place in the South Carolina legislature until 1790, serving in the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth General Assemblies. He declined an appointment to the Congress but did assist in writing the 1790 state constitution—a process which strengthened the representation of the Up Country in the government and moved the capital to Columbia. At home, he bred and raced horses, experimented in scientific agriculture (cotton and tobacco), reopened his store and founded a town. He bought and sold thousands of acres, sat on the vestry of the local Episcopal parish, and promoted a Baptist academy. With the appearance of a movement to replace the Articles of Confederation with a new and firmer bond of Union he was drawn back to full-time public service and into a larger political arena.

In the South Carolina ratification convention held in Charleston in May of 1788, Sumter moved that South Carolina postpone its decision until Virginia had made its choice in October. After hot debate the motion failed, one hundred and thirty-five to eighty-nine. But South Carolina's Federalists wanted no simple victory over the opponents of the Constitution made in Philadelphia. Instead, they hoped for at least a tentative consensus in their own community. To specify that they understood the misgivings of Thomas Sumter and his friends regarding their fears for the South, the gentry of the Low Country added to the instrument of ratification, in interpretation of their act, a declaration that "no section or paragraph of the said Constitution warrants a construction that the states do not retain every power, not expressly relinquished by them and vested in the General Government of the Union."

At the insistence of his old comrades-in-arms who feared what the new government might mean for their lives, Thomas Sumter agreed to be a candidate for the First Congress of the United States. He was easily elected; and once the House of Representatives was organized, Sumter was quick to insist that his colleagues move rapidly to adopt a Bill of Rights in order to relieve those anxieties which had brought him to sit in their midst. His point in this impressive address was that confidence in the new government might depend upon their attention to changes in the Constitution requested by the people of the states in the ratification conventions. Sumter resisted Hamilton's economic plan and opposed an expansive system of Federal courts and broad Supreme Court jurisdiction; and he was hostile to plans for a large standing army.

Sumter was returned to the Second Congress (1791-1793), but was defeated as a result of calumny at the end of that term. Returning home to South Carolina, he reorganized his business affairs and then, for the first and only time in his long career, conducted a personal campaign to recover the legislative office he had lost and in the process to restore his reputation. His 1797 effort was successful, and he continued as Representative from the Camden District until December, 1801, when he was chosen by the legislature to be United States Senator from South Carolina. Sumter did not retire from the Congress until December 16, 1810, when he resigned from his seat in the Senate. In these final years of public service he saw the triumph of his political principles in

At sixty-five he sharpened his swords and called at the door of a Federalist half his age (a man who had insulted him in a theater). Nor did the spirit behind that vigor flag as he moved into his eighth and ninth decades. It was the same old soldier who at eighty-six was sued for assault by an insolent carpenter in his thirties. To the end, at the amazing age of ninety-eight, Sumter rose each day and mounted gracefully to ride over his lands and direct his slaves.

the election of Thomas Jefferson and the exoneration from abusive charges which his honor required. Sumter's South Carolina critics had accused him of making a profit in indents from his foreknowledge of the treasury system and of taking advantage of the ignorance of his fellow veterans. Actually, he had joined Madison in insisting that the redemption of debt go to the original holders of government paper. Sumter was so far from taking advantage of his situation that he opposed even a modest raise in salary for the Congress. Economy was the motif in most of his speeches—economy and restriction of the Federal power.

Sumter voted to repeal the Alien and Sedition Acts, voted against government funds for internal improvement (though he supported the Santee Canal as a private venture) and voted in support of the articles of impeachment brought against Federalist judges who had exceeded their authority. He supported the claims of veterans and of the widows of veterans, but stood against the tariff and the excise on salt. Predictably, he was outraged by antislavery petitions which invited legislation forbidden in the Constitution. In every sense he *represented* the yeomen and planters of Up Country South Carolina. He personified "the genius of his people." Then, with his party firmly in power and his son well established in the American diplomatic service, he withdrew from politics at the age of seventy-six—a recognized and venerable Father of the Republic, of whom John Randolph of Roanoke had declared, "If I were allowed to vote by proxy, and on that vote depended the welfare of the Republic, I would make Thomas Sumter my proxy."

After resuming permanent residence in South Carolina, Thomas Sumter lived another twenty-two years. The astonishing energy, which had at sixty made him the first man on the roof of Independence Hall when it was endangered by fire, did not abate. At sixty-five he sharpened his swords and called at the door of a Federalist half his age (a man who had insulted him in a theater). Nor did the spirit behind that vigor flag as he moved into his eighth and ninth decades. It was the same old soldier who at eighty-six was sued for assault by an insolent carpenter in his thirties. To the end, at the amazing age of ninety-eight, Sumter rose each day and mounted gracefully to ride over his lands and direct his slaves. To the end he spoke his mind on the great political issues of the day, supporting John C. Calhoun in his quarrel with Northern centralizers and urging the people in 1831 "to endeavor to change a system of usurpation no longer in harmony with the spirit of our Constitution." After he had been misrepresented as a critic of the Nullifiers, Sumter sent the following toast for members of an Anti-Tariff Convention to which he had been elected but could not attend: "The year 1832—The period when the character of the State of South Carolina and her inhabitants shall be fixed forever; when no middle course shall be open to them, and when every individual will either rank among the enemies of the liberties of his country, or else among those who have honored it." In this valedictory admonition can be recognized an echo of the Sumter who in 1780 told those prepared to join under his leadership in resisting their would-be conquerors, "I am under the same promise with you...our interests and fates are and must be identical; with me as with you—it is liberty, or death!"

There were difficulties in his last years. The economy was hard on Southern planters; Sumter was hounded by creditors and pulled down by the problems of his son. The South Carolina legislature relieved some of the pressure by restraining the State Bank from calling Sumter's notes while he lived. But there were also honors. In the small Baptist church where he worshipped, the congregation rose when he entered. Other tributes and gestures of appreciation continued to shower upon his white head, even to the month of his death. But Sumter expected none of this and was, as the last surviving American general of the Revolution, a model of modesty. His posture was unchanged from what it had been in 1782 when he returned his commission to the people he had so well defended: "If I have contributed to the relief of this lately oppressed state, the approbation of my country is full and ample reward...I never expected...I wished no other." The concluding inscription on his monument at Stateburg is well chosen: *Tanto Nomini Nullum Par Elogium*—"Eulogy can add nothing to so great a name." ☆

M. E. Bradford, distinguished political philosopher and professor at the University of Dallas, is no stranger to our readers.

By William Freehoff

CITIZEN LEE

At the time of his death, was Robert E. Lee a man without a country?

No, the Gray Fox of the Confederacy was not like the naval officer in Edward Everett Hale's novel who cursed his country.

Lee's country, before and after the War Between the States, was the United States of America, a republic he served with valor and distinction. During the War, Lee served a new nation as the general-in-chief of that nation's armies, but after Joe Johnston's surrender to Sherman, the Confederate republic ceased to exist for all practical purposes.

Indeed, it was the official policy of the administration of Union President Andrew Johnson that there had been, in fact, no such entity as "the Confederate States of America." And the several states that had made up that republic were, in Johnson's view, simply states "lately in rebellion."

But because General Lee had served as the ranking military officer of the so-called "rebel" army, he and others who held high position in the late Confederacy were denied their civil rights and indicted for treason. Later, that indictment was dismissed and no one who had served the Confederacy in its high command was actually brought to trial.

But even before the indictments were dismissed (and General Grant himself had said the indictments went against the surrender terms at Appomattox), even before that, President Andrew Johnson issued an amnesty proclamation in May of 1865. It was because of this amnesty that Lee, in June of 1865, applied to President Johnson for restoration of his civil rights as a citizen of the United States. General Grant endorsed Lee's application and forwarded it, from the War Department, to the President.

Unknown to Lee at that time, an oath of allegiance to the U.S. Constitution was also required. Later that year, on the same day that he assumed office as president of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia, Lee took the required oath before a notary public in Rockbridge County. In the oath Lee solemnly swore that he would henceforth "...support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the states thereunder," and that he would also, "...abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves..."

Lee's letter seeking amnesty never got to the President and the separate oath was lost—or at least misplaced. The letter was given away by Secretary of State William Seward as a souvenir to General Dan Sullivan. The letter remained in the Sullivan family until 1899 when a Philadelphia publisher, Charles H. Walsh, obtained it from

Sullivan's grandson and offered to sell it to the War Department for $100. The offer was rejected on the basis that such correspondence belonged in State Department files. Finally, the Lee letter ended up in the files of the Illinois State Historical Library.

And what about Lee's oath? Well, that wound up in a cardboard box in the National Archives, where it was uncovered in 1970 by Elmer Oris Parker, who had been director of the Old Military Records Branch and who wrote an article bringing all this history back into the public consciousness.

Congressman John Conyers, Jr. of Michigan found out that the oath had never really been "lost" but had been on public display in the State Department back in the 1930s. It was during World War II that these State Department files were transferred to the National Archives.

At any rate, neither letter nor oath got to its destination when it could have given General Lee comfort in his lifetime—a fact that looks more like sabotage than bureaucratic bungling. However, three years after Lee sent his letter and oath—on Independence Day of 1868—President Johnson issued a full pardon to anyone who had taken part in the so-called "rebellion." Still, certain ex-Confederate leaders—among them Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee—were not covered by this pardon because they had been indicted (but never tried) on treason charges.

To correct this exclusion, on Christmas Day of that same year, Johnson issued a full pardon and restoration of civil rights to all those who had been charged with treason as a result of their allegiance to the Confederate government.

Did this full pardon end the quest to restore the benefits of citizenship to General Lee? No. There was more to come. Congressional Radicals, who despised the South, rammed through (illegally, some scholars think) the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Section Three of that amendment effectively nullified the pardon Johnson had extended to Southern leaders like Davis and Lee. The ban could only be removed by a vote of two-thirds of each House of Congress.

Finally, in June of 1898, Congress repealed Section Three to allow former Confederate officers like "Fightin' Joe" Wheeler to take part in the War with Spain, a war in which Wheeler, wearing Army blue, fought as a major-general of U.S. Volunteers.

Of course, that was too late by 28 years for General Lee, who died on October 12, 1870, still denied his citizenship as an American. Under the law, Lee was allowed to vote (something, at that time, women and Indians could not do). He could not hold federal or state office—either civil or military—and he could not serve on a jury. Nor could he serve as administrator of the Custis estate of Arlington, the old Lee home which the Federal government seized and still owns. At his death, Lee was not fully a citizen despite the efforts he made in his last years to regain his citizenship. This final aggression against the name of a great man continued to trouble many Americans, both in the North and the South.

In 1951, Senator Homer Capehart of Indiana tried, without success, to win Congressional approval of an act to restore Lee's rights. In March of 1963, as one of his first acts as a new member of the House, Congressman James H. Quillen of Tennessee's First District tried to do the same thing, but Quillen's bill never got out of committee. Then, in 1970, after Elmer Oris Parker had published his article about the "lost" Lee oath, interest was renewed in doing the right thing by Robert E. Lee. For example, an effort was launched to have President Nixon issue an executive order to restore Lee's full citizenship but White House aide John Dean said the proper procedure was to get Congressional action.

Final action came in 1975, when Congress passed a special act sponsored by two Virginians—Harry F. Byrd, Jr. in the Senate and Herbert E. Harris in the House. The measure was signed into law on August 5, 1975 by President Gerald Ford. The act restored all of Lee's civil rights retroactive to June 13, 1865, when he wrote his first letter to President Andrew Johnson.

The bill passed the Senate by voice vote and in the House, by a roll-call vote of 407 to 10, with opposition led by Congressman Conyers and by Congresswomen Bella Abzug and Elizabeth Holtzman, both of New York. Their opposition centered around the fact that the Lee Act did not include amnesty for Vietnam draft dodgers.

Three years later, Congress passed a similar act restoring full civil rights to Jefferson Davis, although in his lifetime, the former Confederate president never asked for amnesty or pardon. As far as Davis was concerned, there was nothing to be pardoned for.

If, however, the oversight troubled the soul of General Lee, now, after more than a century, Robert E. Lee, Citizen, can rest in peace. ☆

William Freehoff, a retired newspaper editor and broadcast journalist and former associate professor of journalism, is a veteran of World War II and a direct descendant of a Mississippi cavalryman who fought with the Army of Northern Virginia.

CRITICUS *ESSAY*

What Really Happened at the Citadel?

By Matthew Sandel

First, let's take the story propagated throughout the nation by the wire services, the networks, the *New York Times,* and *The Washington Post.* According to such sources, here's what happened: Five white cadets at the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina dressed up in sheets to resemble Klansmen, went down to the room of a black cadet named Nesmith, entered, burned a cross, and showered the freshman with racial abuse.

The Citadel, after reviewing the incident, treated the matter too lightly, giving the boys lenient punishment when they should have been expelled. Nesmith, after viewing the cavalier manner in which authorities handled racial injustice, resigned and is now suing the school, with the support of the NAACP and the Reverend Jesse Jackson...

Now, let's see what really happened. Five boys did indeed go down to Nesmith's room, four wrapped in white sheets, one in a green sheet. They had bath towels over their heads and looked utterly ridiculous. As a matter of fact, they couldn't see through the towels so they had to look down at their feet while they made their way to Nesmith's room.

Once in the room, they chanted something like "Nesmith, Nesmith, get your s--- in a pile." whereupon Nesmith's roommate jumped out of bed and chased them down the hall.

Nesmith slept through all the chanting and awoke only as the last Ku Kluxer was exiting.

No cross was burned in the room.

One of the five, without the knowledge of the other four, did cut out a small paper cross about the size of his hand, singe it around the edges, and carry the piece of paper into the room and leave it on the bureau, where only after the roommate returned from the chase was it discovered.

A stupid, tasteless act, but done in the spirit of virtually every military school, where upperclassmen persecute freshmen, hoping to make them feel like slugs that crawl in their own slime. The theory is old-fashioned and I suppose detestable to the present generation: that only after you crush a man's individuality can you make him into a good soldier who will stop trying to think for himself and start obeying orders. (Once the freshman year ends, the ugliness stops and the persecutees become the persecutors.)

Nesmith, the five upperclassmen believed, was not measuring up. His grades were poorer than they should have been and he didn't have the right attitude toward his "probationary year." So they decided to teach him a lesson. Unfortunately their crude pedagogy had a racial edge to it, and what happened to them after their little patrol probably never happened to any cadet in any military school in the history of the nation.

1) They were hauled up before a court of their peers, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to suspension from school. The sentence was "probated" because all had good disciplinary records, and instead they had to pull extra drill duty—120 hours of it, marching in full dress with a eight-pound rifle. And one more thing: they were confined to post for the rest of the year. No weekend trips. No outings. No dates. Nothing but the Citadel campus until summer vacation.

2) The case was then turned over to General Grimsley, the Commandant—an old army officer well-versed in the tactics of covering his own rear. Realizing there was some potential for trouble—since Cadet Nesmith's brother was on the Board of Visitors—Grimsley stiffened the penalty for the five malefactors—instead of 120 hours with the rifle, they would have to march 195 hours.

3) A group of several hundred demonstrators, led by local black ministers, protested the "light" sentence, demanding that the five be expelled and General Grimsley fired.

4) The Reverend Jesse Jackson came swooping down out of the sky to preach his own peculiar brand of Christian charity to a packed church in downtown Charleston, and he promised to return to confront the white community in general and the Citadel administration in particular.

5) The FBI came to Charleston and investigated the atrocity, which by now was drawing editorial comment from the *Times* and the *Post*, with the national magazines yet to come.

6) Both the Army and the Air Force ROTC bigwigs sent investigating teams, with the possibility of blocking the commissions of all five.

7) The NAACP announced that it would file a $850,000 lawsuit in behalf of Nesmith, citing the burning of the cross in his room as a highly provocative racist act.

Quite a response to a midnight prank where no one got killed, maimed, or even hurt, and through which the victim slept in mindless oblivion.

A few observations on all this hoopla though nothing I say will change the madness that lies behind it:

First, no young man should go to a military school if he has delicate sensibilities. A black graduate of the same institution told one of our editors that someone had actually lit a cross in his room one night and he had laughed. He went on to graduate, too, and looks back on his experiences as rugged but rewarding (though no more rugged than what plenty of others had to endure).

"If you were black they would get at you that way. If you were fat, then they'd work on that. Anything that made you different they would try to beat you with. It all had a purpose, and it wasn't racist in the final analysis."

Nesmith was temperamentally unsuited to be a Citadel cadet or any other kind of cadet. His roommate too. They took foolishness too seriously and got their feelings hurt too easily. Frankly, I might have felt the same way, but then I wasn't the world's best soldier. These two should have gone to Brown or Berkeley, where they could have unpacked their delicate sensibilities, set them up on a shelf like two Meissen figurines, and be certain that no one would ever knock them to the floor.

Second, the national newsmen once again failed to get the facts straight in a Southern story, distorted what they did get right, and after misrepresenting the incident shamelessly, didn't follow up on the story when the truth began to emerge.

The local black ministers, after meeting with General Grimsley, came out to tell the assembled newsmen that they had changed their minds. They now believed that the five cadets had received adequate punishment, that General Grimsley had acted honorably, and that they could work in the future with Grimsley and others to make certain that there would be fewer misunderstandings and greater racial harmony.

Theirs was a remarkable gesture, particularly in the face of growing involvement by the NAACP and the Reverend Jesse Jackson, people ravenous for publicity. While the NAACP continued to pound on the table, the local leaders said they would stick by their guns, that the incident should be forgotten. I can't recall any similar resolution of a racial conflict, and it showed remarkable courage on the part of these good men, who had to face down Benjamin Hooks, Jackson, the national press, and many of their own constituency, and say that they had misread the situation. God bless them.

As for the Citadel, the institution still looks bad, but for reasons that no one has yet pointed out. This incident illustrates the stupidity of the American educational system, which persists in allowing students to participate in the management of colleges and universities, with results that are occasionally disastrous. Only someone outside the system can determine which rules are made to break and which are made to obey. A student on a disciplinary committee has to take one infraction as seriously as another—and has to follow prescribed procedures.

When this incident occurred a wise dean of students would have called in the parties involved, reamed out the five offenders, told Nesmith and Mendoza they were a couple of crybabies, and made everyone shake hands. Instead, the stately machinery of student government began to grind, everyone got white-lipped and serious, and before you knew it, you had a *cause celebre*.

Of course, General Grimsley doesn't look too good in all this either. The punishment eventually imposed on the five offenders was beyond reason—the stiffest in the history of the school. Grimsley should have softened the penalty and made Nesmith and his boardmember brother behave themselves.

The national press, of course, is incorrigible. We are living in an era when journalists have poorer educations and less training than at any time in history. I don't believe they are malicious. I just don't think they know anything about logic or rhetoric or ethics or their trade. Never has bigotry been so denounced by the press, and never has it been so fiercely practiced.

We need a Southern anti-defamation league to stop this kind of abuse. Racial slurs are unacceptable in polite society; they breed pride (the greatest of sins) and communal disorder. But regional slurs are not only acceptable but *de rigeur* in the contemporary world of ABC, NBC, and CBS. We must stop it. If the Citadel had been located elsewhere there would have been no national tempest, nor even this bit of trivia.

Finally, we must put racial incidents into perspective and stop worrying them into national disasters. It is a waste of taxpayers' money to send the FBI into a college dormitory to determine if somebody shortsheeted somebody else in violation of his civil rights. Worse than that, it is a waste of indignation, a waste of Christian charity, a waste of all the finest virtues when we charge around in comic-opera fashion over the antics of thoughtless children. ☆

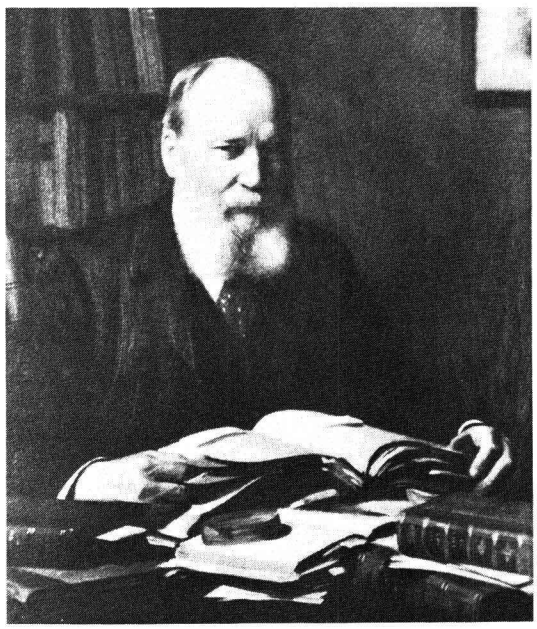
Matthew Sandel, a regular *Partisan* critic, is still waiting for his novel to win the Nobel Prize.

By Charles Scott Hamel

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve:
An American Classicist

Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1986, 115 pp.
Edited by Ward W. Briggs, Jr., Herbert W. Benario

1981 marked the 150th anniversary of the birth of Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve (1831-1924), perhaps the most illustrious and outstanding scholar and teacher of the classical languages and literature ever produced by America.



To commemorate the occasion, the Classical Association of the Southern Section of the Middle West and South at its annual meeting in the fall of 1982 at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville devoted its entire session to Gildersleeve and his career. The results of the conference are now available in a slim volume of essays, delivered by classical scholars dealing with various aspects of Gildersleeve's life and events.

To gain a full appreciation of Gildersleeve, it is important to keep in mind the fact that he was a Southerner through and through and that his "Southernness," as we shall see, informed and had an important effect on his scholarly work. He came from a society in which the study of the classics constituted the integral part of a man's education. One need only recall the education of such Southern luminaries as Thomas Jefferson and John C. Calhoun to be aware of this fact.

Gildersleeve's early years are dealt with in the first essay, "Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve: The Charleston Background," by Deborah Hopkins, a Latin and French teacher at Ashley Hall in Charleston, South Carolina.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina on October 3, 1831 at 9 Pitt Street, the son of the Reverend Benjamin Gildersleeve, a Presbyterian minister, Basil Gildersleeve grew up in a city which was one of the centers of Southern cultural life, the home of William Gilmore Simms and Henry Timrod. It was Charleston which formed Gildersleeve, molded his "Southernness" and made him into a true son of the South. He studied at the College of Charleston and graduated from Princeton.

The next two years were spent in study at the University of Gottingen, where Gildersleeve earned a Ph.D. degree, graduating with the highest honors. Among his professors was Friedrich Ritschl, later Nietzsche's mentor. When Gildersleeve returned to the United States in 1853, he was the possessor of the finest classical education which could be obtained anywhere. In 1856 he became professor of Greek at the University of Virginia, where he was to remain for twenty years.

Ward W. Briggs, Jr. of the University of South Carolina in "Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve at the University of Virginia" deals with this important phase of Gildersleeve's career, which must be understood in the context of the overall state of the classics in America during the ante-bellum years.

By the middle decades of the last century classics instruction amounted to little more than recitation and translation in class with no attempt either to understand the style or to appreciate the literary quality of a given author. Gildersleeve found himself teaching students initially ill-prepared to cope with the demands he placed on them; library facilities were inadequate; there were no kindred spirits with whom he could share his academic and scholarly interests. Nevertheless, Gildersleeve's twenty years at the University of Virginia were crucial to his development. In his teaching, for example, the lack of scholarly materials forced him to rely solely on the texts he taught from. He also served in the Confederate Army during the summer months, returning to his teaching duties in the winter. His military career came to an abrupt end in 1864 when he was wounded in the leg during a skirmish near Weyer's Cave, Virginia, resulting in a limp which he bore for the remainder of his life. This limp caused him to compare himself half jokingly to the lame schoolmaster and poet of ancient Sparta, Tyrtaeus.

Gildersleeve never lost his love for the University of Virginia. When the Rotunda burned in 1895, the first check for its restoration came from Gildersleeve, who

by that time had been at Johns Hopkins University for nearly twenty years.

Johns Hopkins, the first real graduate school as the term is understood today in the United States, was founded in 1876. In that same year Gildersleeve received the appointment of professor of Greek. As H.W. Bennario of Emory University points out in his contribution to this commemorative collection, Gildersleeve was the ideal man to help build a new university devoted solely to graduate teaching. And it was at Johns Hopkins that Gildersleeve attained a worldwide reputation through his scholarly publications and through the founding of the *American Journal of Philology* in 1880, the first major scholarly journal in the United States devoted to the study of all aspects of classical antiquity. Here too, Gildersleeve could teach students who were worthy of his abilities. It is no exaggeration to say that through Gildersleeve's work American classical scholarship became respected throughout the world.

Gildersleeve's views on the study of the classics are dealt with by Stephen Newmeyer of Duquesne University in his essay on the study of the classics. Gildersleeve strongly believed that classics should be at the center of a university education. To the critics of the classics who maintained that their study never improved a student's English prose style, he asserted that the problem lay not in the subject matter but with unimaginative and less than committed teaching. He also averred that, important as German scholarly methods had become in imparting new understanding to the literatures of Greece and Rome, it would be disastrous if these methods were uncritically and unselectively imported into American universities. American scholarship could in time attain distinction, he noted, because Americans were receptive and inquisitive, free of German pedantry. Fortunately, Gildersleeve lived long enough to see American classicists make a name for themselves in the world.

The article by John Vaio of the University of Illinois at Chicago on Gildersleeve as syntactician will be of interest chiefly to students of ancient Greek. Here it is sufficient to note that Gildersleeve's mastery of the subtleties of Greek syntax and grammar remains unchallenged and that syntax for him was a means to the proper understanding of Greek literature and never an end in itself.

Another contributor, George A. Kennedy of the University of North Carolina, writes a short essay commemorating 100 years of *The American Journal of Philology*. Although this paper, like the previous piece, will appeal mainly to classicists, it serves to remind us again just what an important role this journal and Gildersleeve played in putting American classical scholarship on the map.

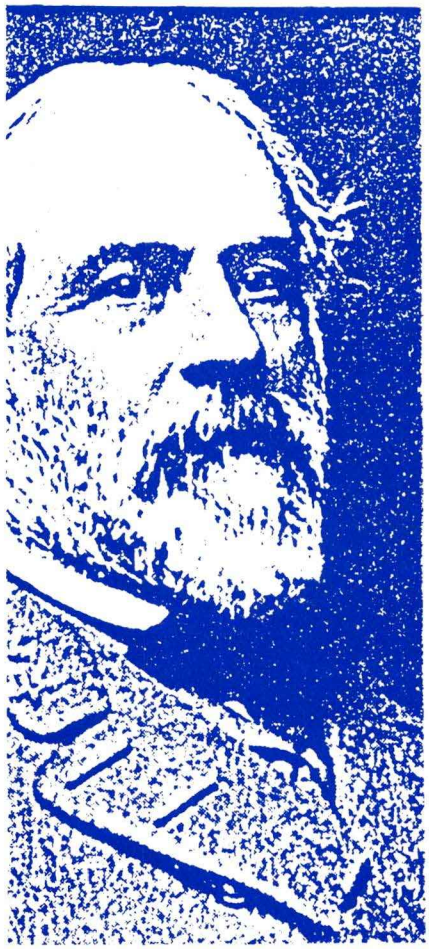
Seth Schein of the University of California at Santa Cruz raises one of the more intriguing questions in the slender volume. He asks why Gildersleeve wrote so little on Attic (or Athenian) tragedy, and he provides an answer that is especially interesting to Southerners. In an *Atlantic Monthly* article "The Creed of the Old South" Gildersleeve compared the ante-bellum South with ancient Sparta, preserving its ancient ways and faith, to which he compared unfavorably Athens, the sceptical city which was forever questioning traditional institutions and mores. Athens, in other words, in the eyes of Gildersleeve, was like the North. Since tragedy was a product of Athens, it is not surprising that Gildersleeve wrote so little about tragedy, a literary form which had its origins in a city whose ideals he fundamentally opposed. However, in the wake of the trauma of World War I which overturned so many traditional certainties, Gildersleeve took a fresh look at this literature, which now seemed more relevant because of its disturbing moral ambiguities. During and after the war he wrote more extensively on the tragedians for the *American Journal of Philology*.

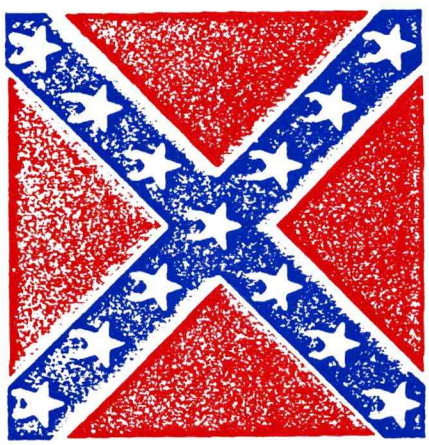
Most classicists don't write well but Gildersleeve was an exception. E. Christian Kopff of the University of Colorado assesses Gildersleeve's place in American letters. Kopff's essay describes Gildersleeve's sentences as "long—[but] they are leisurely and conversational; he plays a continued game of hide and go-seek through whatever subject the stylist is discoursing on."

A good example of Gildersleeve's colorful style can be found in his essay on Julian the Apostate where he writes of Julian's romanticizing of the Celts and Germans: "...such a love of savages means nothing more than a hate of one's own people: so, for instance, Thucydides pets the Scythians, Tacitus extols the Germans, Chateaubriand admires the red man, and Charles Sumner stalks on his rhetorical stilts at the head of the procession to the shrine of Sambo."

In fact, Gildersleeve as a young man entertained literary ambitions. His style has been compared to that of Henry James and the importance of his position in American letters has been recognized by Albert Jay Nock.

There is as yet no full-length biography of Gildersleeve, although there exists a rich collection of prime source material at Johns Hopkins available for the future biographer. The contents and scope of the Gildersleeve archives are ably and comprehensively dealt with by Robert L. Fowler of the University of Waterloo in Canada. There is an extensive collection of correspondence with leading classicists of the day, public lectures on classical authors, and notebooks dating from Gildersleeve's student days in Germany as well as drafts of his scholarly publications. One may hope that a biographer will soon begin mining this collection of material dealing with the most prominent and important figure the South produced in the decades after the War, a man Charlestonians and all Southerners should be proud to claim as their own. ☆

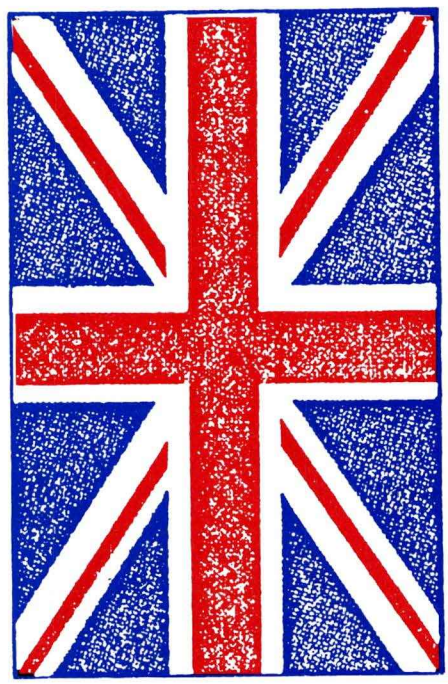




The Glittering Illusion. Sheldon Vanauken. Columbia, South Carolina: The Southron Press, 1985. 182 pp. $12.95.

All That Glitters

By Andrew Shaughnessy



In *The Glittering Illusion,* novelist, historian, and Christian, Sheldon Vanauken has produced an original work of scholarship that deserves careful attention by *all* students of the War Between the States, irrespective of their partisan loyalties. His book, focusing on the question of English sympathy for the Southern Confederacy, constitutes an important study of a neglected chapter of history.

Vanauken conducted the research for his book chiefly at the Bodleian Library in Oxford and at the Foreign Office, where he discovered a wealth of source material relating to the period. Using this material (which historians appear largely to have ignored) Vanauken argues convincingly that England's sympa-

thies lay overwhelmingly with the cause of the Southern Confederacy. The author is careful to stress that by 'England' he is referring to that class of persons whose opinion held weight in society, chiefly the "enfranchised, literate, respectable middle, and the upper, classes—the 'educated million.'"

In his opening chapter, Vanauken provides us with a useful picture of England in 1860, an England led by the liberal coalition government of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Gladstone—the 'Triumvirate.' It was a time when the average Englishman's view of empire was conditioned by the thinking of the free traders, who viewed war as an impediment to business and wished England divested of her colonies. Evangelical Christianity was on the march with anti-slavery as its banner. Though outwardly the nation enjoyed self-assurance and prosperity, the scribes of pernicious 'progress' were hard at work. The ideas of Bentham had come of age in the shape of Mill's *Essay on Liberty* and the effusions of the Manchester School radicals, Cobden and Bright; Darwin had aimed a blow at religious faith with the publication of his *Origin of the Species*; and Karl Marx wrestled with the problems of the 'class struggle' in the British Library. Nevertheless, the 'educated million' (not yet emasculated by the later Reform Bills), still held the reins of power; and it is the opinion of this body that Vanauken is concerned with.

In the period leading up to the War of Secession, the author points out, England had not developed a coherent position in regard to the antagonists, though Palmerston and Gladstone clearly sympathized with the South. Many Englishmen thought initially that the issue of slavery was the whole cause of the disagreement. But as the current of events continued, Vanauken argues, opinion increasingly came down on the side of the South. Lincoln's statement in his inaugural address that he had no desire to interfere with the institution of slavery caused Englishmen to reflect more critically on the real issues involved. If not slavery, then what?

As the war was joined, Englishmen discovered many reasons for favoring the Southern cause. An obvious one concerns the understandable inclination of Englishmen to derive a measure of satisfaction in witnessing the discomfiture of the United States. (After all, memories of defeat in the Revolutionary War lay only a longish lifetime in the past.) Some were content to see the discrediting of democracy in the 'Model Republic.' Englishmen began to regard Southerners as English gentlemen fighting for the cause of freedom in the teeth of a bullying industrial democracy. (Had not Tocqueville warned of the tyranny of the majority?) Lord Acton, that champion of liberty, certainly identified the cause of the Confederacy with freedom. Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, far from having the desired effect of enlisting popular support for the North on anti-slavery grounds, actually outraged English opinion, since it was seen as a device to promote a servile uprising. This opinion was farther stiffened by the brutal methods adopted by Union armies in the prosecution of the war, culminating in Sherman's unparalleled destructiveness. Southerners believed that 'King Cotton', upon which England's industrial base depended, would surely bring England in on their side. There seems little doubt that had the Triumvirate openly declared for the South and carried the country to war, the Confederate States of America would have been established.

Why then, with all this support, did England fail to intervene? The answer, Vanauken avers, lies in the "Glittering Illusion"—the notion that the armies of the Confederacy were so brilliantly led by Lee and Jackson and others, that defeat was regarded as impossible. For this reason England held back. If victory was so certain, what need for intervention? But, Vanauken writes, it was a "doubly-grounded illusion," for the South too was under the same illusion; Southern diplomatic efforts had promoted it abroad.

> England's continued neutrality, (Vanauken writes) not Gettysburg, was the chief lost battle of the Confederacy. And it was a major lost battle of aristocracy everywhere.
>
> The Southern nation with magnificent courage and devotion sought independence and, defeated, lost its right to exist; and aristocracy, both Southern and English, was doomed by the immense triumph of equalitarian democracy.

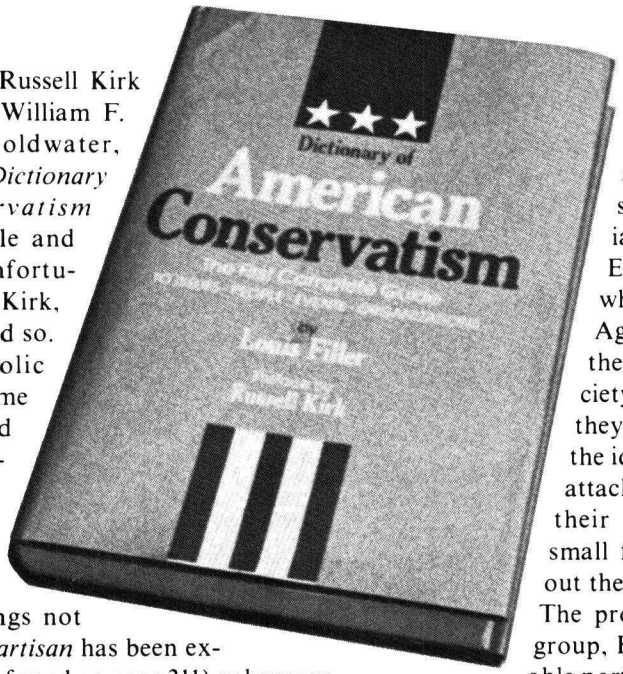
In a review of this size it scarcely is possible to do justice to Vanauken's magnificent little book. It is written with a degree of feeling seldom to be met with in an academic work. Most moving is his description of the CSS Shenandoah sailing into the Port of Liverpool, after a splendid career in the Pacific, its gray-clad officers and men on deck; here the last flag of the Confederacy was lowered and with it a nation passed into history. To the extent that the popular histories are heavily weighted in favor of the North, Vanauken's book provides a valuable corrective. For too long the textbooks have smugly asserted the North's moral superiority, and generations of schoolchildren—assuming that they are taught history at all in these enlightened days where 'social studies' have replaced the old disciplines—have been fed a diet of regurgitated fictions. *The Glittering Illusion*, whether one agrees with it or not, will not lie down. Future historians venturing into the field cannot afford to ignore it. ☆

Andrew Shaughnessy has been editorial assistant to Dr. Russell Kirk of Mecosta, Michigan and a recent intern at the National Journalism Center in Washington, D.C. He will soon be returning to Scotland to complete his graduate work.

Louis Filler. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc. 1987. 380 pp. $29.95.

The Dictionary of YANKEE CONSERVATISM

By Tom Landess



With a preface by Russell Kirk and blurbs by William F. Buckley and Barry Goldwater, Louis Filler's 380-page *Dictionary of American Conservatism* should be an admirable and authoritative book. Unfortunately, it is neither; and Kirk, at least, should have said so. Instead of being catholic and inclusive, the volume is quirky, characterized by unconscionable omissions and unjustiable inclusions. It is worse than useless—it is misleading.

I say these ugly things not because the *Southern Partisan* has been excluded (the entry is to be found on page 311) or because we are treated with casual contempt (we are), but rather for a couple of greater indignities. First, of course, there are the omissions. No entries for Donald Davidson, Andrew Lytle, M.E. Bradford, and a host of other serious Southern thinkers, recognized elsewhere as significant conservative spokesmen. In a long essay or even a short book such an omission could be defended. But this volume calls itself a "dictionary" and includes entries for such ephemera as Andrew Greeley, Anita Bryant, and Al Capone.

Part of the problem with the volume lies in the nature of the American conservative movement, which is quite different from the Southern conservatism of Davidson, Lytle, and Bradford. Classic Southern conservatives have always hated big business, believed strongly in the preservation of the environment, have been relatively bored with foreign policy. Thus, they have viewed the history of their region from a perspective that Northern conservatives find confusing.

One example from many possibilities: Filler calls *I'll Take My Stand* "a volume of essays... in which they look back to pre-industrial days, reaffirmed their principles of tradition, elite culture, and, indirectly, the values of slavery." Rubbish! The Agrarians were not backward-looking. Except for Stark Young's essay, which is snotty and effete, the Agrarians clearly were extolling the virtues of a 1930s Southern society, with all its limitations, which they freely admitted. They *attacked* the idea of aristocracy in the volume, attacked it by name, and offered as their paradigmatic Southerner the small farmer (and by so doing ruled out the necessity of defending slavery). The professional historian in the core group, Frank Owsley, spent a considerable portion of his adult life proving that there were relatively few large slaveholders in the region, a fact that Northern commentators tend to forget.

Filler is not alone in misinterpreting the Agrarians. Most contemporary commentators make the same mistake, either because they haven't read *I'll Take My Stand* or because they ~~can~~'t read it. I don't know which is the case with Louis Filler.

But much of the *Dictionary's* quirkiness cannot be blamed on the aberrations of the American conservative movement. From his frequent citations of his own work, I gather Filler has been dabbling in literary trivia for many years now, and much of his own eccentricity is reflected in his pretentious lollygag through the World of Ideas. He is myopic, opinionated, and at times obtuse. More relevant to *Partisan* readers, his prejudice against the region and its thinkers is evident at every turn. He is a South Basher—the kind we're all too familiar with—though I suppose it's fair to say that he is reasonably articulate and occasionally witty.

If you want to buy the book, don't say you haven't been warned.

CRITICUS
LIVING SOUTHERN

By Anne Tyler Norman

The Misunderstood VEGETABLE

During childhood, we had a maid named Dolly who was the quintessential Southern cook. Her cornbread was flawless, her fried chicken enviable, her sweet potato pie a quickly eaten hit. Dolly usually only cooked when my parents were away. This my brother and I didn't mind. We enjoyed having her as a sitter since she neither minded daytime television nor meted serious punishment. Any misbehavior just meant a flyswatter was waved menacingly in our direction, sometimes grazing a leg.

One of the few low points of a Dolly stay was when she served collards. Some well-meaning relative must have told her they were as crucial to any child's diet as milk because at least twice a month we found them offered up. "No! No! Please. Spinach, peas, anything but collards!" we'd cry to no avail. I'm not sure who issued this directive. I know it wasn't my mother. She's from Pittsburgh and disdains all Southern cooking except barbecue.

Dolly cooked her collards on a low heat for about 4 hours; images of fatback dance in my mind. Once cooked, they were placed in small bowls alongside our dinner plates. Butter puddled on top. The smell from their cooking cast a pall over the kitchen. The usual fairminded, docile Dolly would then nag and bribe them down our throats. For my brother and me, collards were the vegetable version of castor oil.

Collards, which originated in the British Isles and West Europe, are considered a cool season vegetable. They are grown throughout the year in the South. Yankee gardens, if properly mulched, boast them in the spring and fall. These hardy greens love heat so they don't expect lemonade or fans during the dog days of heatwaves. If temperatures drop down over a span of a few days, they don't mind cold though they wouldn't appreciate an Ohio winter. Some savvy gardeners swear collards taste better after a light frost and wait till then for harvesting. Others claim they taste best in the summer.

Even if the thought of eating collards makes your upper lip stiffen and your nostrils flair in disgust, be aware of vitamin content. One serving of collards boasts 21 calories and high percentages of Vitamin A, C, riboflavin, thiamine, niacin, magnesium, calcium, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, and iron. Why bother with a One-A-Day?

Here in the South a dearly beloved supper is cornbread dunked in pot likker, the broth in which collards are cooked. This is usually followed by a buttermilk chaser. Even the late, great James Beard partook of collards though he forsook Dolly's traditional method of a four-hour simmer with fatback. He cooked his for twenty salted-and-covered minutes over a moderate heat and served them with olive oil, garlic, ham, or bacon with a dash of lemon or vinegar thrown in for zest. Mr. Beard also enjoyed his greens in a tian which is a mixture of dandelion greens, mustard greens, and collards tossed with scallions, ham, black pepper, and egg. No smelly, tasteless greens for James Beard.

Preparing collards, no matter the style, is simple. Some gastronomes like raw tender leaves in their salads, but the majority eat collards cooked. This explains the collard sobriquet *potherbs.*

If you've decided to forget past unpleasantness and give collards a second chance, you'll need to shop with a careful eye. Count on one pound making 2 servings. Bundles that look tired and tough will taste likewise, so avoid putting anything dry, yellow, filthy, bug-bitten, spotted, or wilted in your cart. Once home, wash away any grit. Refrigeration in a plastic bag, washed and dried, will suffice, but collards should be eaten within 2 days of purchase.

Collards, if cooked properly, will not cloud your kitchen or offend your taste buds. If someone invites you over for a Southern style feast and you catch the stench of collards heavy in the air, beware. You can bet they've been overcooked by a few hours. If that's the case, my best advice is to help yourself to more potatoes instead during dinner.

Collards can taste and smell strong after long cooking because there is a breakdown of sulfur compounds. This leads to gas formation which, by the way, leads to indigestion. And a packet of Tums. (If Dolly knew that, she'd turn in her grave.)

If you've raised or bought a surplus of collards and you want to enjoy them off-season, they can be suc-

cessfully frozen by this method: Only use young tender leaves; wash and remove tough-looking leaves as well as thick stems; cut into small pieces (some collard enthusiasts say blanch for a minute or two, but that's up to you); freeze in filled-to-the-brim containers; seal and label your stock so you won't defrost collards when you'd planned on making Asparagus Croustade à la Careme. Collards, properly frozen, will last almost a year.

If gardening is your schtick, then collards are for you. Even if you're a Nervous Nellie, consider *Brassica oleraceae var acephala.* They're one of the easiest vegetables to grow, and a few weather and cultivation mishaps probably won't harm your yield. Collard raising is similar to that of cousin cabbage. So, if cabbage is a part of your garden consider yourself half-briefed.

For a successful collard crop, you need the same basics other flowers, fruits, and vegetables require: a well drained, healthy soil, adequate fertilizer, enough water, appropriate planting and harvesting times, and pest control. In general Southerners sow seeds in February, transplant in April, and harvest in May. Ball park statistics list as follows: Seeds are planted 1/4 inch deep with 12 seeds per foot, plants are given 15 inches between one another and 30 inches between rows, which allows for big stalks; germination takes 4 to 10 days; maturity takes 65 to 85.

Collard greens, considered medium feeders, grow 3 to 4 feet high and are happy with a wide range of soil types. Regular watering is necessary for healthy roots and as they thrive, you'll be thinning the plants occasionally. The thinnings can be used for transplants or healthful salads. Refer to your gardening manual if you're planting in troughs or window boxes and wondering whether or not to plant seeds or transplants.

Harvesting collards is divided into three methods. Some green thumbers choose one. Others combine all three. You, dear gardener, can either cut off the young plants at ground level, cut off the mature plants at ground level, or periodically strip off the bottom leaves to allow buds to produce more leaves. (Most prefer the latter because it requires only one planting. Springtime harvested collards can be picked throughout the summer and well into the cooler months.)

Fans of collards include the late wheeler-dealer Huey Long, the Portuguese, and the Brazilians. This fan club also includes cabbage looper worms, harlequin bugs, root maggots, and aphids. Common afflictions are downy mildew and black leg, which both sound perfectly horrible, but are quite preventable.

As boring as these ubiquitous sandy bundles of greens may seem, there are actually a few varieties. Your choices include: Vater, Morris Meading, Cabbage-Collard, Green-Glaze, and a few named after Southern states. All are easy to cultivate and freeze well.

Many Southerners love collards. If you think you hate them, open your mind and try again. And remember: never judge a green by its grit. Just because *Brassica oleracea var acephala* isn't mentioned in *Larousse Gastronomique* doesn't mean it shouldn't grace your table.

Here are some delicious collard recipes to try:

Collard Quiche

Cheddar Cheese Crust:

1/4 stick butter, cut up in small pieces
1 cup flour
1/2 cup cheese, grated (cheddar)
pinch of salt
3 tbl. water or milk, as needed

Cut the butter, flour, and cheese together until texture of coarse corn meal. Add salt.

While working the dough, add liquid one tablespoon at a time until the dough sticks to itself easily. Using extra flour to prevent sticking, press the dough into a 10 inch pie plate. Brown for 10 minutes in 350° oven. Set aside.

Filling:

1/2 lb. collards, cooked
3 eggs, separated
1¼ cups sour cream
2 tbl. basil
2 onions, large
2½ tbl. flour
salt and pepper to taste
pinch nutmeg
1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
2 tbl. butter, cut up
1/2 cup cheddar cheese, grated

Bring pot of water to a boil and simmer collards for 20 minutes. Beat egg yolks and sour cream together. Add basil, onions, flour, and spices. When collards are cooked, drain and chop fine. Add to sour cream mixture. Beat egg whites with cream of tartar till stiff but not dry. Fold in other mixture.

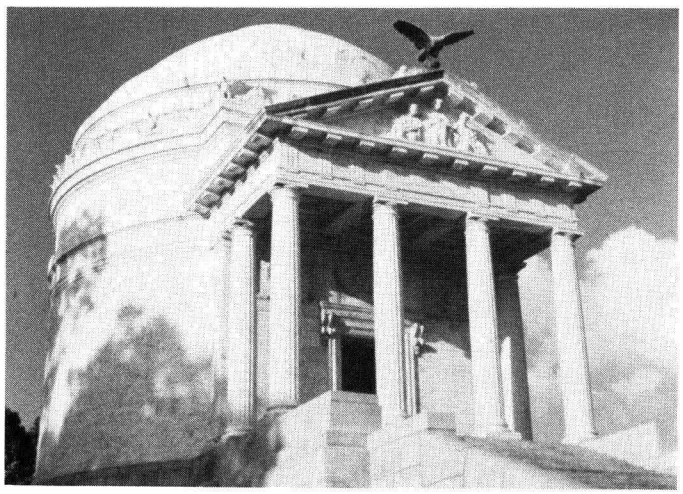
Arrange the quiche in layers in the crust by putting collards then mixture, collards then mixture. Continue until top, making sure last layer is the sour cream mixture. Sprinkle grated cheese, bread crumbs, and butter dots on top and bake in a preheated 450° oven for 10 minutes. Lower the heat to 325° and bake for another 40. Serves 6-8.

*Use any leftover sour cream mixture as the base for a dip.

Anne Tyler Norman, an authority on Southern cooks and cooking, is a regular contributor to the *Southern Partisan.*

CRITICUS *ON TOUR*

The Fall at



Fall is the best time to visit the National Military Park at Vicksburg, Mississippi, site of one of the most dramatic and bloodiest struggles of the Civil War.

In early November, the ginkgo trees, imported from Japan, are balls of golden flame. Less exotic native trees throng the park in abundance and compete modestly but effectively with the foreigners.

It is a quiet and peaceful place where one can listen to the mockingbirds run the gamut as they imitate a variety of warblers. On a recent visit, I saw a red fox drinking daintily at a stream.

It strains the imagination to picture in one's mind the carnage that occurred on these idyllic acres in the spring of 1863. Orderly rows of tombstones mark the graves of 17,000 Union soldiers. If blood be the price of victory, Grant was willing to pay in full.

One need not look for the graves of Confederate soldiers in this national cemetery. When it was established by the federal government, the remains of men in gray were thought to be unfit for burial in the rich earth of deep South Mississippi. Confederate dead are buried in the local cemetery.

Grant's tenacity, his eagerness to do battle, and the efficiency of his logistics were exemplified in the Vicksburg campaign. The city was and is a natural fort, almost impregnable.

Vicksburg is located on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, which in 1863 followed a course that brought vessels on that river directly beneath Confederate guns. The approach by land was over soft Delta earth that was far from hospitable to the heavy equipment and guns of an invading army.

Vicksburg, however, was the key to the Mississippi River, and President Lincoln was urging Grant to take the city as quickly as possible. Four attempts to do so in 1862 had failed.

In March of 1863, Grant sent Generals McPherson and McClernand across the soft bottom land toward Vicksburg, leaving Sherman to stage aborted mock attacks from other directions to divert Confederate attention.

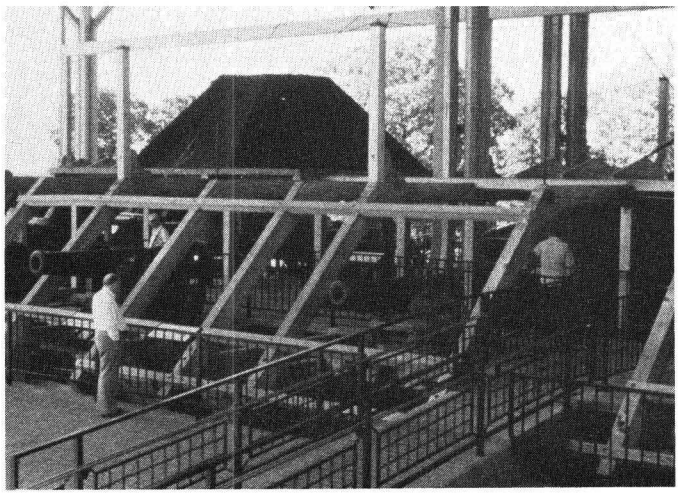
Grant had maneuvered his army in between Jackson and Vicksburg, cutting the Confederate supply line. Union armies won victories at Raymond and Jackson while Grant moved on Vicksburg after a decisive victory at Champion's Hill. On May 18, Grant had crossed the Big Black River and was in position on the fringes of the city.

There was no waiting. On the next day, Grant ordered an assault. One need only visit the battlefield today to understand why the attack failed. The area is a succession of rolling hills, and Confederates, though badly outnumbered, occupied the high ground and defended their turf valiantly.

Grant licked his wounds for a few days, then ordered a second attack on May 22. This time, the main line of defense was breached, then regained, and the Union

Vicksburg

By Robert McHugh



forces were thrown back over terrain soaked with blood.

Grant finally became convinced that he would have to lay siege to Vicksburg and starve and bomb the defenders into submission. As the siege progressed, he brought in supplies and reinforcements until his troops numbered nearly 70,000.

Residents hid in caves to escape the bombardment. Soldiers could rarely leave their trenches without encountering flying metal. The siege went on for forty-seven days before the city was surrendered on July 4, 1863.

From 1864 until 1947, proud residents of Vicksburg refused to observe the Fourth of July as a holiday. The horrors endured during that siege clung long to Southern memories.

But General Eisenhower brought his friendly grin and avuncular demeanor to the city on July 4, 1947, for a patriotic address. He charmed the city back into the Union.

It is said today in Vicksburg that it took Grant forty-seven days to capture the city, but Ike accomplished the feat in a single day.

An earlier attempt at reconciliation failed dismally. It was thought in 1917 that it would be healing to bring together Union and Confederate veterans of the battle of Vicksburg in an encampment in the park.

After all, it was reasoned, the soldiers were now elderly gentlemen, many of them relying on walking canes. They would surely be too old and mellow to harbor resentments from the past.

Boy Scouts from the city were assigned to each aging veteran, to get them around to the planned activities each day and to bed them down in their tents at night. On one evening, it is possible that a bit of bourbon began to flow. So did the adrenalin in those aging veins as the men began to discuss the merits of the respective causes that they had served so well.

The discussions led to what Vicksburg residents call "The Battle of the Walking Canes." The boys had at one another with canes and curses. There is no accurate record of casualties, but one of the guides at the park, Miss Catherine Garvin, was acquainted with an elderly gentleman, now deceased, who was one of the Boy Scouts at the encampment.

He told her that the Confederate captain to whom he had been assigned was nursing a broken arm on the day after the canes were flying. As they say, "Forget, Hell!"

Today, however, there is abundant evidence in this beautiful park of the respect and understanding that each side now has for the other. The park is dotted with monuments from every state that had soldiers in the battle, with the regrettable exceptions of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Illinois has a magnificent shrine, devoid of warlike symbols. It contains the name of every Illinois soldier killed in the fighting. Many Illinois residents are drawn to the park.

Iowa and Wisconsin have also erected splendid monuments, as have Alabama and other Confederate states. The last state to put up a memorial was Kansas, which contributed a sculpture in 1973, seventy years after the first monuments had been erected in the park.

History whispers its story among the tombstones and throughout the park, but the sculpture from Kansas speaks the final word. It consists of three rings, the lowest of which is a complete circle signifying the unity that existed in America before the War Between the States.

The middle ring is an incomplete circle, representing the tragic rupture caused by the war.

The top ring is a soaring circle, fully rounded, to represent the reunification of a divided country. ☆

Robert McHugh retired recently as Executive Editor of the *Sun-Herald* newspaper and is presently freelancing on the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

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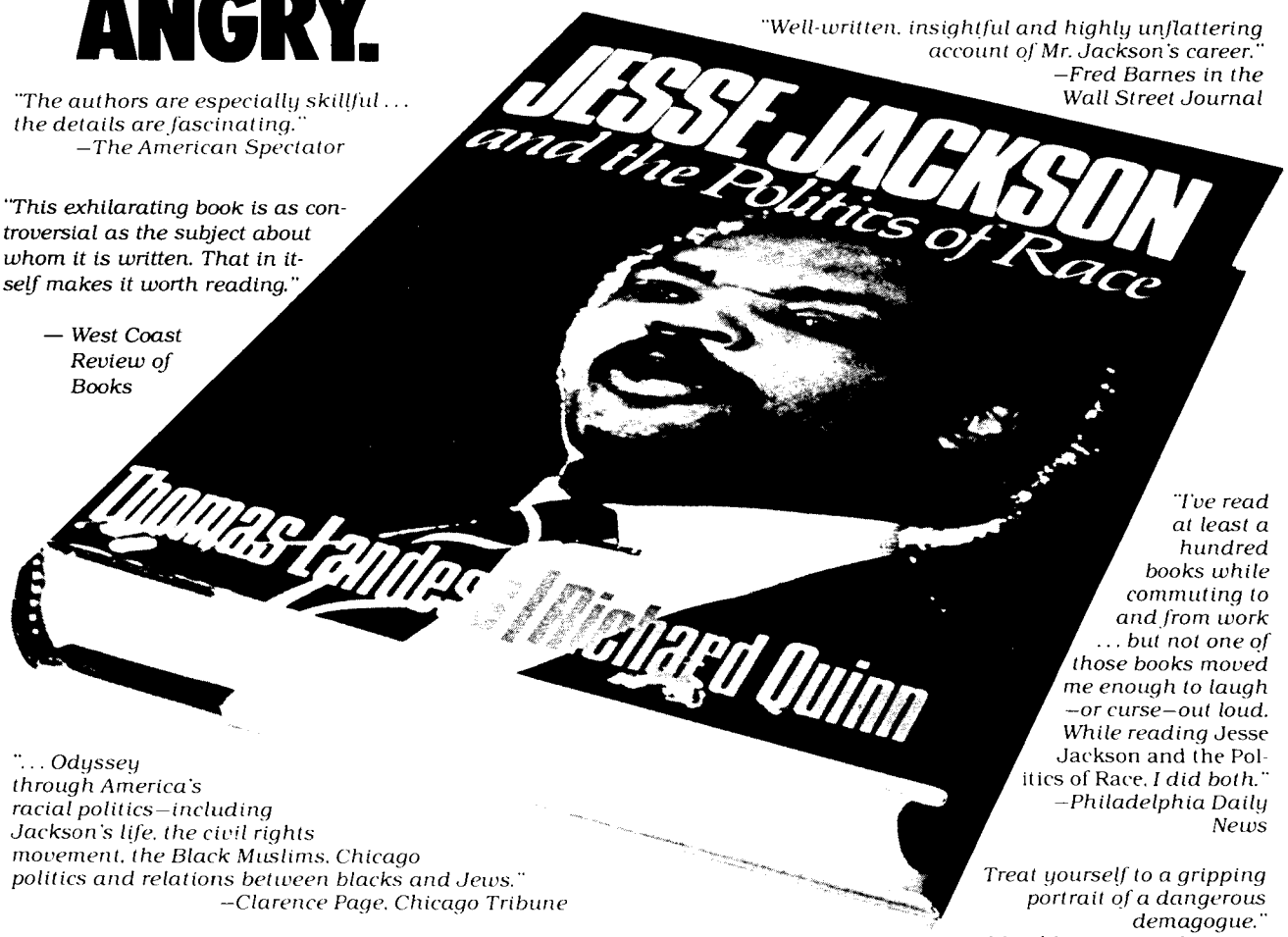

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BOOKNOTES

THE CONSERVATIVE MIND FROM BURKE TO ELIOT ***Seventh Revised Edition, Russell Kirk. Regnery Gateway, Inc. 535 pp. $19.95 Hardbound. $12.95 Paperbound.***

Political commentators like humorists lead perilous literary lives, and few survive their own generation. Forty years ago Robert Benchley was the funniest man alive, but today much of his work seems heavy-handed and tiresome. Likewise, the leftist writings of Stuart Chase strike us as simplistic and short-sighted, interesting only as relics of an outmoded way of looking at the world. But Shakespeare's comedies still play well, and Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* is still a vital and instructive book.

Now, Henry Regnery has reissued this monumental volume in a Seventh Edition, revised by the author, who says this will be the last and definitive version. Fortunately, Kirk has not changed much in the text. He has made his terminology consistent and current (e.g. "equalitarian" becomes "egalitarian"); but the basic argument remains the same, as do the illustrative figures: British—Burke, Walter Scott, Coleridge, McCauley, Disraeli; the Americans—John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Cooper, Hawthorne, T. S. Eliot; the Southerners—John Randolph of Roanoke, the Tertium Quids, John C. Calhoun.

A quirky book, full of curious figures and minor heresies—or so it seemed to the spokesmen for a monolithic liberal establishment who made the mistake of according this obviously well-done volume a measure of respectability because they thought it was harmless.

How wrong they were, and how many times since then have they regretted their error.

For far from being either arbitrary or innocent, *The Conservative Mind* is a coherent view of reality almost perfectly structured and enormously persuasive. Unlike Cash's *The Mind of the South,* which is precocious fantasy, in *The Conservative Mind,* Kirk describes in recognizable form the ongoing consciousness of western civilization, the vision of truth that has held God's world together through the best and worst of times. And as such, it will be read a hundred, two hundred years from today, and perhaps with greater understanding and respect than in the year 1987.

If you don't own it or you haven't read it, then buy it. It will help you to understand why the Cause that lies closest to our hearts will never really be lost.

—Tom Landess

MY DADDY WAS A PISTOL AND I'M A SON OF A GUN. ***Lewis Grizzard. New York: Random House, Inc., 1986. 244 pp. $14.95.***

Lewis Grizzard has defected to the enemy and it's enough to make a man choke on his grits. Grizzard, the guru of the Good Ol' Boys, has severed his relationship with Peachtree Press of Atlanta and has signed up with Random House, a publishing company from *Up There.* The rumor persists that Grizzard was offered one million dollars to stay with Peachtree and that he turned them down in order to seek a more lucrative deal with the Yankees. In a way it makes you doubt the sincerity of all he wrote about small-town Georgia, roadside honkeytonks, homemade biscuits, and *Kathy Sue* Loudermilk.

In case you've never heard of Lewis Grizzard, he is a sports-writer-turned-columnist whose flagship newspaper is *The Atlanta Constitution* and who is the hottest literary property the region has produced since Truman Capote.

In fact, Grizzard has been so successful in this revival that he has spawned a whole host of imitators who occasionally provoke laughs but seldom the kind of admiration that the best of the *masters'* passages excite. (There are moments in Grizzard's works when you actually think you might be reading real literature.) Usually Grizzard's imitators are too heavy-handed in their prose and too predictable in their subject matter, but they are all identifiably Southern and what they are doing can legitimately be called a *genre.* For this rebirth, we can thank Grizzard.

His latest book is called *My Daddy was a Pistol and a Son of a Gun,* a memoir of his father—veteran, drinker and great storyteller. Most of Grizzard's earlier volumes—collections of columns—are laced with intriguing references to the dead man whose name he bears. Usually the short pieces are cryptically apologetic, belated tributes to a man who was trying but loveable, the victim of troubled times who died without knowing fully the measure of his son's affection.

This latest volume is Grizzard's final detailed attempt to come to grips with the memory of his dead father. It is by turns funny and heartwarming—but I have said too much already. Now that Grizzard has turned into a Yankee, I think I'll just drop the whole matter.

—Richard T. Hines

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON LEE, THE ARISTOCRAT

To Lee, leadership was a moral responsibility to the people from which his class arose and not a thing of personal pride.

— Clifford Dowdey

ON EDWARD LIVINGSTON

He is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. He shines and stinks like rotten mackerel by moonlight.

— John Randolph of Roanoke

ON THE VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN

To a gentleman there are only two important things in life—bourbon and women. A Virginia gentleman is only concerned with the age of his bourbon.

— Al Durante

ON INVADING THE NORTH

It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemies...

— R.E. Lee, General, CSA

ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I for one am tired of attempts to turn America's Bismarck into a Victorian Christ.

— Paul Gottfried

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

•THE HISTORICAL TIMES ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, ***edited by Patricia Faust (850 pp. Harper & Row. $39.95)*** offers something on almost any topic of interest related to the War Between the States. From "abatis" to "zouave," this thorough new work features more than 2,000 entries and scores of photographs. It's the collective work of 62 historians and it doesn't miss much. No doubt there are a few omissions, but considering the scope of the subject, this is the best one-volume reference work on the War to date.

Biographical entries generally treat all figures fairly—North and South alike. Such a work is long overdue and it is certain to become a classic reference work.

•TOUCHED BY FIRE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF THE CIVIL WAR, ***Vol. II, edited by William C. Davis (331 pp. Little & Brown. $50)***, is the attractive followup to volume one of this two-part series. After publication of the seemingly exhaustive six-volume *Image of War* series, which Davis also edited, you'd think it would be difficult to put together a worthwhile two-volume collection of wartime photographs. Yet Davis has done so: the photographs in this new work provide a fresh and intimate look at the war—without glorification. One particularly moving section is a collection of photos of young soldiers disfigured by battle wounds. Yet despite the appeal of this work, it will leave some Southern readers dismayed and frustrated—due to the opening essay by Constitutional historian Harold Hyman. Hyman offers the current revisitionist theory that the War was caused by an ungrateful South, which purposely started the War after years of demanding and receiving favored treatment by the North. The South's primary motivation, Hyman writes, was the promotion of white supremacy. (All this "revisionism" is merely a rehash of the first generation of postwar Northern historiography, known as "waving the bloody shirt.")

Hyman ignores the sad fact that blacks were viewed as equals by hardly anyone in mid-19th century America. Some Northern states had laws forbidding blacks even to cross state lines, let alone consider living there. Federal troops routinely humiliated and abused contraband slaves. Black soldiers in the Federal army were expected to fight and die for a fraction of the pay white soldiers received. Northern racism was so bad in New York City in 1863, that black families hid on rooftops during New York's draft riots, while white New Yorkers killed and mutilated any blacks they encountered and torched their dwellings. Even President Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, held views that would be shamefully white Supremacist today, and favored shipping freed slaves to Africa. Ulysses Grant and his wife kept a slave with them throughout most of the war, while Robert E. Lee considered slavery an evil and supported gradual emancipation. Southern slaves were held by a slim minority of Southerners and while slavery was undeniably a major factor in the War, the late historian Bell Wiley's excellent research in *The Life of Johnny Reb* revealed that the vast majority of the men in gray went to war to defend their homes from invasion—not to promote white supremacy. Hyman's decision to lay the burden of American racism solely on the South during an era when almost all Americans accepted white supremacy seems hardly fair.

•CIVIL WAR CINEMA ***by John M. Cassidy (169 pp. Pictorial Histories Publishing Co. $9.95 in oversized paper)*** is a well-written, thoroughly-researched study of Hollywood's version of the War for Southern Independence. Author John Cassidy, a Californian, knows his subject. From *Days of 61*, a one-reeler produced in 1908, through TV's melodramatic *North and South,* Cassidy surveys the plots and plans of the moviemakers who have focused on the War. *Gone With The Wind* deservedly rates an entire chapter. So does President Lincoln and the common soldier. Cassidy could have spared us the last chapter, which deals mainly with TV's *North and South* and *The Blue and The Gray.* The book needs an index, most of what is served up is a synopsis of movie plots, and the reader is left with the definite feeling that the history of the War has not been served well by Hollywood. Still, the subject is unique and the author has produced a credible narrative.
(Publisher's address: 713 S. Third West, Missoula, MT 59801)

WHISTLIN' DIXIE

J. R. VANOVER

GOOD WORDS FOR YOUR BUMPER, AND FOR ATLANTA

I once tried to interest the editors of this magazine in going into the bumper-sticker business. It seems to me that you can reach many more people, with much shorter attention spans, by plastering your message on cars than by going through the elaborate song and dance required to produce a magazine. I tried to persuade them that 20,000 automobiles with the message "U.S. OUT OF SOUTH CAROLINA" would have more impact than twenty years' worth of an obscure magazine. They didn't buy my argument, which may be just as well.

Certainly it's just as well for me, this issue, since it gives me a pretext for writing about what that Great American, Paul Harvey, calls "bumper snickers."

I know you've seen the ones that are variations on the theme that "[Fill in the blank] DO IT [adverb or adverbial clause]." David Allan Coe, I think it is, has a song called "Divers Do It Deeper" that goes on and on in that vain. My favorite is one a friend claims to have seen in Arkansas. It read: "SOUTHERNERS DO IT SLOWER."

This genre relies, of course, on not-very-subtle double entendre, and sometimes you run into rather touching examples apparently devised by people who have somehow missed the point. The Kaypro (computer) Users' Group (KUG), for example, now offers a T-shirt that says "KUGGERS DO IT ON A KAYPRO." Whatever "it" is, it's not the same "it" that motocross racers do in the dirt, divers do deeper, or Southerners slower.

Speaking of bumper stickers devised by people who have missed the point, in North Carolina recently, I saw several cars—surely not *all* BMWs?—with little stickers that said "I'M FROM NORTH CAROLINA AND I DON'T SUPPORT JESSE HELMS." Well, fair enough; pretty close to 50% of the state's voters said the same thing in the last election (although slightly more said the opposite). It's not the sentiment I object to, but its mode of expression.

Let's, ah, deconstruct that sticker. It is obviously written for and displayed by people who spend some time outside the state. Otherwise, just "I DON'T SUPPORT JESSE HELMS" or, for that matter, "I DON'T SUPPORT JESSE" would do. (There's only one Jesse of any consequence in North Carolina.) This message is clearly for the eyes of people outside the state—people, moreover, who cannot draw the obvious inference from the nearby license plate. What we have here are stickers for the bumpers of wimps who travel in more liberal climes and want to be well thought-of.

While we're at it, how about that "I DON'T SUPPORT"? Is that lame, or what? Down here, we usually don't mince words like that. That sticker must have been written by a recent migrant to these parts. A real North Carolinian would have said "I'M A TAR HEEL AND I HATE JESSE." And actually a more truly indigenous expression would be something like "I'M A TAR HEEL AND YOU CAN GO TO HELL." What business is it of some Yankee's who we send to Washington, anyway?

If you're as tired as I am of stickers that say "I [picture of a heart] NEW YORK," or "CHAPEL HILL," or "MY DOG," you may be amused by a couple I've seen lately. One read "I [spade] MY CAT." The other, hard-core, read "I [club] BABY SEALS."

Another tiresome species is the "HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR [fill in the blank] TODAY?" sticker. I think this one started by asking about your children, an unexceptionable if somewhat sappy inquiry. Soon, however, it metastasized to include everything from lawyers to boa constrictors (for a zoo's fundraiser).

Which reminds me that, in Atlanta not long ago, I saw a billboard promoting that city's zoo, advertising that it provides a home for "good old boas." Not bad.

Let me say a word for Atlanta. I have a friend (same one who saw the Arkansas bumper-sticker) who says that every time he looks at Atlanta he sees what a quarter-of-a-million Confederate soldiers died to prevent. I know what he means, certainly. Lots of Southerners have a good, wholesome small-town suspicion of what Atlanta is apparently becoming. Others, who have put in time in *real* cities—New York or London, say—are put off by Atlanta's pretensions. Some of us manage to combine both attitudes.

But on a recent visit I discovered that you can still have a good Southern time in Atlanta, if you know where to look. I'm not talk-

ing about Stone Mountain and the Grant Park Cyclorama, although they're certainly worth a visit. I'm talking about getting some fine ribs from the Auburn Rib Shack (just down the street from the Ebenezer Baptist Church), and taking them out to eat on the grounds of the Atlanta Historical Society's headquarters at the old Inman mansion. After that, you might want to cruise the fine old cemetery where Margaret Mitchell lies, pay your respects to her and to the several hundred Confederates who share that resting place, and go on out to Wren's Nest, the home of Joel Chandler Harris.

Not long ago, Harris' house, like his reputation, had fallen on hard times. A large, comfortable Victorian structure in a neighborhood of such houses, Wren's Nest has been a museum since 1913. As the neighborhood went downhill, though, fewer and fewer tourists came by. Harris' largely undeserved reputation for racism didn't help, of course, and neither did the authentic bigotry of the museum association, which didn't permit blacks to enter the house as late as the 1960s.

But now the museum's board includes prominent local black politicians, the neighborhood has been gentrified, and Wren's Nest is being restored. William F. Schmidt quotes a "neighborhood organizer," Cleta Winslow, in his syndicated column: "I think blacks feel more secure about Joel Chandler Harris these days," she observed. "I know I feel a lot better about the people who are taking care of his house."

All credit to those Atlantans, black and white, who recognize that Harris' compilation of the Uncle Remus stories preserved a valuable oral tradition, while furnishing harmless delight to children of both races for decades. And all credit to those who are preserving his house as a refuge from the boutiques and fern bars of modern Atlanta.

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THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

AMY CARTER

THE SYNONYM FOR EVIL IN THE LIBERAL'S LEXICON IS SOUTH AFRICA.

People of the maturity and depth of understanding of Amy Carter are absolutely against that awful state, they will have you know. Miss Carter is joined in her moral outrage by the Congress of the United States, which by vast majority this past summer voted economic sanctions against the country, never mind that South Africa's blacks will bear the principal burden of this exercise in self-righteousness. Apartheid is a wicked, evil system, and the ruling South African whites are wicked and evil for their refusal to surrender their hegemony to the black population that outnumbers them 10 to 1.

All this ooze of easy piety sits ill on the stomach. One may abominate the Jim Crow nastiness of apartheid—as I do—but one has to begin with the proposition that the Afrikaners, far from being evil folk, are on the whole as good and decent a people as it is possible to meet.

Then what demon has provoked their hateful policies? Well, not demon, it transpires upon reading a little South African history. God Almighty. In *their* view. God led them into the Transvaal, it was with God that they made their prayerful covenant when they were besieged by bloodthirsty savages on all sides, God gave them victory in the desperate battle at Blood River, God delivered the promised land unto them. If South Africans are fanatical, they are no less fanatical than Israelis, who believe that Israel is the promised land bequeathed by Jehovah unto perpetuity to the descent of Abraham, which inheritance no one shall wrest from them. Just tell the Israelis that they ought to give up sole sovereignty over Jerusalem, no matter by how many Arabs they are outnumbered, and see how far you get.

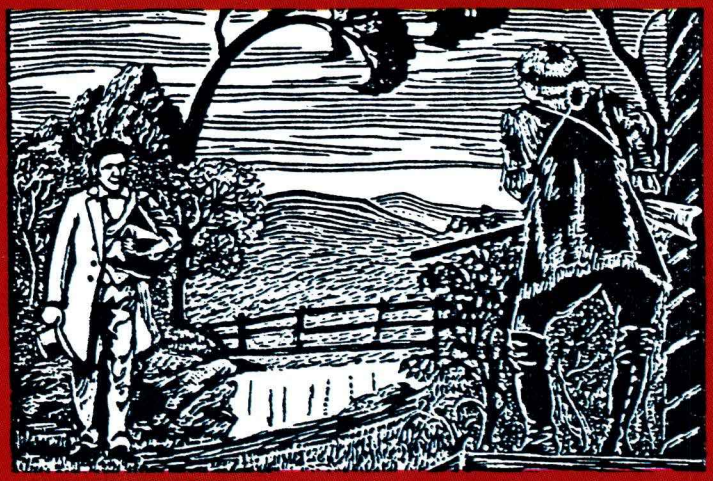
To the Afrikaners, it is an article of faith that they were given the land in sole possession by On High. It was a land not running with milk and honey, moreover. It was a barren, desolate place. The territory across the River Vaal was totally empty. It was not the possession of Zulus, who were an *arriviste* nation out of the North, brutal and sanguinary invaders, from whose yoke the black tribes south of the Vaal begged the Afrikaners to deliver them. The Boers did not merely claim the land of the Transvaal by right of conquest, theirs until such time as they lack the strength to keep it—as we, at just about the same historical period, conquered the West; like the Jews of old in Palestine slaughtering, subduing, or driving out former inhabitants. It was an empty space that the Boers filled, reserved unto them by Almighty God.

This is the transcendental justification Afrikaners call to their witness. They may be as wrong as many would say the Latter-day Saints are wrong in their conviction that the Book of Mormon was angelically handed to Joseph Smith on the hill anciently known as Cumorah, but they are not "evil." They may be as subject to primitive superstitutions as atheists take for granted all Christians and Muslims of any variety are, and their doctrine of racial superiority may be as mistaken *and* as opprobrious as almost everybody agrees today such doctrines are, but the Afrikaners, like the plantation Southerners of slavery times in the United States (read *Tombee,* by Theodore Rosengarten, William Morrow & Company), are not "evil." An assumed absolute right by black Africans to lay claim to all "black" Africa is in their view an irrational superstition, unfounded on any rhyme or reason other than pure jingoistic black racism, irrelevant to the history of the Transvaal, and subordinate in any case to the preemptive claims of the myth (as others may deem it) that is their creed.

In exorcizing the demon image of the Afrikaners I have done mean, nasty things to Miss Carter, not to speak of the Congress. I have compared the Boers with Israel, a sacred cow for most Americans; and I have slyly, though not unfairly—what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose—drawn a comparison between the Afrikaners and our 19th century expansionist history, depending on the reader to fill in the buried premise: is Amy Carter next going to sit on the Capitol steps until the Congress votes to give the land west of the Mississippi—our River Jordan, our Vaal—back to the injuns?

By gum, she might at that!

A Special Offer
Singin' Billy



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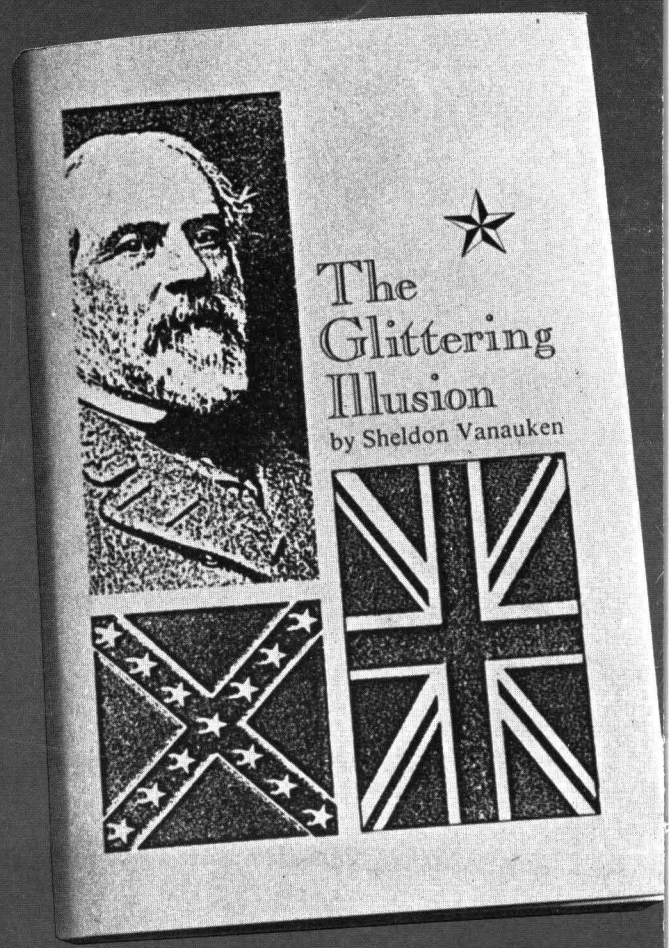

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